

Eugenius Theodidasus,
THE
PROPHETICAL
TRUMPETER
Sounding

An Allarum to
ENGLAND

Illustrating
The fate of Great Britain, past, present,
and to come. Such wonderful things to happen
these seven yeers following, as have not been
heard of heretofore.

A Celestial Vision.

With a Description of Heaven and heavenly things,
Motives to pacifie Gods threatned wrath: Of a bloo-
dy, fiery way of the day of Judgment, and of Saints
and Angels.

*Sung in a most heavenly Hymn, to the great comfort of all good
Christians, by the M^VS E S most unworthy,
JOHN HEYDON, Gent. Philomus.*

Κόσμος καλὰ καὶ ἰσχυρὸς σφαιρίδιον.
Possibile est Satyras non Scribere.

LONDON, Printed by T. Lock for the Author, and are to
be sold by Edward Blackmore, at the angel in Pauls
Church-yard, 1644.

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To the Right Honourable in his Countrey; Right Ser-
vicible in Ireland; Right Able of Himselfe; his Ex-
cellency, the LORD HENRY CROMWELL-
DEPUTY of IRELAND.

I See the Storm a coming, whether shall I
Seek Covert in the Mountain, or the Valley?
Or, else betake me to the silent stream,
And let the tempest burst and split his spleen
Upon the Earth; so I be safe and saven,
While I shall ride at anchor in the Haven;
Alas, the fatal Sister-hood (in sport
Will there betrayth ee; for within the Port,
Shipwrack hath disappointed and disgrac't,
The Proverb of long look't for comes at last;
Then wil I launch into the very Mayne
To see if Neptunes Diety wil dayne
To fence and fling his Trident on my Head,
By power whereof all Storms are scattered;
Which if be do deny, my comfort it shall be,
My shipwrack great, Noble men shalt see
I sink not in a dicch, nor by the shore,
But dye, and lye at Neptunes Palace Dore;
Tis thou alone that bearest the Triple Mace,
Canst in the very speed of all their Chase
Restrain their pursuit, do but protect it,
The simple Misterious Nereides of the Prophet,
Charge Æolus (as he does honour thee,
He do not dis-imbulk his Cheeks at me,
I have done nothing to offend thy traine,
Stole Amemone as the Poets fayne,
Nor sought to spoyle the Sea-gods bed of Corall;
I mean, Heavens Mysteries; for thats the Morall,
If this be so, vouchsafe me thy Protection,
That I may bring this work unto perfection;

Then will I sing thy fortune and thy fame,
And prove that CROMVELLS from the Trojans came;
Shew where his Ancestors long since did build
A seat which hitherto their name have fill'd:
Now may that name and honour nere expire,
But in a melting Firmament of fire.

From Cliffords-Inne, the 10. of May, 1655.

So Prayeth your Lord-ships most humble
Servant JOHN HEYDON.

To

To the truly vertuous and tride learning, beholding
Mountain for Eminence, nor supportment for

height, Mr. Iohn Tayler,

O give me leave to pul the Curtain by
That clouds, thy Worth in such Obscurity,
Good Seneca stay but a while thy Bleeding
To accept what I received at thy reading,
Here I present it in a solemn strain,
And thus I pluckt the Curtain back again.

the same Iohn Heydon.

Hom. Ill. a.

Ἐξ ἔδης γὰρ μοι καὶν ὁ μὲν αἰσῶ πυλῆσιν
Ὁκ εἶτερον μὲ καυδῆ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο ὅ τι μιν.

I am gravis ille mihi nigri quam limini dētis,
Ore aliud qui fert, aliud sub pectore celat.

As vale of death, so do I hate that kind,
Whose tongue from thought, whose mouth dissents
from minde.

The same, I. H.

To Capt. Iohn Heydon.

Vhat Ornament might I devise to fit
Th' aspiring height of thy admired Spirit,
Or, what faire Garland worthy is to fit

On thy blest brows that compass in all merit?

Thou shalt not Crowned be with cammon Bayse,
Because for thee it is a Crown too low;

Apolloes tree can yeild the simple praise,

It is too dull a Vesture for thy brow;

But with a wreath of Starres shalt thou be crown'd,

Which when thy working temples do sustain,

Will like the Spheares be ever moving round

After the Royal Musick of the Brain.

Thy skill doth equall Phœbus, not thy Birth,

He to Heaven gives Musick, thou to Earth,

I. C. E/4

To the Author, Mr. Iohn Heydon.

Fair would I speak, but yet my tongue-tide Muse
In Rivers thrift; and when she hath most use
Of speech, is stricken dumb; she's plentious poore,
And knew she less to say, she could say more:
She doth enjoy, and yet she cannot find
Beginning too much brightness hath strack her blind.
I could admire thee Iohn, and though in truth
The downy characters of thy blooming youth
Scarce write the man, yet if we measure yeares
By Vertue, thou a herouall Spirit wilt appear,
For when must men do fill their greedy Maws
With Comick laughter, and the sweaty plause
Of vulgar Palmes, others write wounding Lines,
And wil accuse, though they be worse, the times
Thou steer'st another course, and spend'st thy oyle
In sacred objects, and in holy toyle,
No sinfull Eloquence thy verse defames,
No lustfull sports nor Cupidinean flammess,
Thy Poisie doth neither frown nor smile,
Theres no satyrick, nor Venerious stile;
And must these works be hid, and car'st thou less
To give them to the Moths, then to the Press,
Free them from Darknes, Iohn, that they may be
A torch to others, and a Crown to thee,
For ere they shall obscured lye undone
Like Raphael, Ile usher in Heydon.

M. B. Esq;

To

To the Reader.

READER; these Lines which must pass thorow the
 and swords of censure, are not written to pleasure ev-
 ry man, then I should displease my selfe and my friend.
 I write only to give my friends that I promised, call me not
 one of our now Priest, now Prophet, and then Lawyer,
 Ile assure you I never fancied a Pulpit, never could boast of
 Enthusiasme, nor never could attain to such perfection in
 the Law, although it hath been the most of my study, and now
 my profession, viz. the practise of an Attorney in the Vpper-
 Bench; if you would know who I am, I was born in this
 sumptuous, City, in Green-Arbour London,
 I lived sometime in Warwick-shire very obscurely, it was
 my fortune to travel into other Countreys, first with a Mer-
 chant, as Factor, he dyed, afterwards I was forced to ex-
 ercise my self in Martial disciplines in Spain, and Turkey,
 under the Command of Sede-Malamet Booker Knine Alcad
 at the Siege of Sally, I made my escape, was taken again,
 yet escaped to Mamorah, then I went to Zant, from thence
 carried to Sivel, and then to the Spaw, and when I came
 to England I followed the Law, and gave a very ignorant
 fellow five and thirty pounds to instruct me in that honoura-
 ble profession he like a duns took my money, and left me as
 ignorant as when I came to him; it was my good hap to meet
 with an honest man, and by his instructions I came to be
 what I am, Reader, I have taken pains in vacation to publish
 what may at all times be advantagious to you. A well-wish-
 er to all honest men is,

J. Heydon

The Preface;

YOU wanton Lads that spend your winged time,
 And chant your ears in reading lustful Rime,
 Who like transformed Acteon range about
 And beat the Woods to find Diana out;
 Is't this you'd have? then hence heres no content
 For you; my Muse nere knew what Venus meant:

Bu

The Preface.

But stay, I may subvert your rude conceit,
And every Verse may prove a heavenly bait;
O that ye were such Captives! then you'd be
Thrice happy: such as these are only free.
Leave, leave your wanton toys, and let alone
Apollo sporting at his *Helicon*:
Let *Vulcan* deale with *Venus*, whats to thee?
Although she dandle *Cupids* on her Knee,
Be not enchanted with her wanton charms,
Let her not hug thee in her whorish arms:
But wisely do (as *Neptune* did) in spight
Of all, spew out the Lady *Aphrodite*.
Come, come, fond lad, what wouldst thou behold
A visage that wil make thy *Venus* cold,
If this be all, Ile give thy eye delight,
Come see that face that lends the iun his Light:
A Cælestiall glorious sight I did espie,
No earthly object for thy wandring eye,
I saw a face that made the Heavens to shine,
Oh seek that glorious face that lends thee thine,
Looke and behold that light, which if thou see
Aright, wil make the earth a heaven to thee;
Come see that glistring face from which arise
Such glorious beams that dazels angels eyes:
VVhat canst have more? but dost thou think that such
A comely visage wil not let thee touch;
Or dost thou think a Sun that shines so clear
wil scorn to let a lesser Orb come neare,
No thou mistakest; say, dost thou truly thinke
For him, I dare avouch he lov'd the first,
Be not dismayd, it needs no more dispute,
Come give that glorious face a kind salute.

A

THE
Propheticall
TRUMPETER

Sounding an Allarum to
Britaine.



Do not wonder, as I erst have done,
That when the Prophet *Jonas* should
have gone,
To *Nineveh*, Gods word He disobey'd,
And would Himselfe to *Tarasus* have
convey'd:

For, I have now a sense how flesh and blood
The motions of the Holy Ghost withstood,
And feel (me thinks) how many a likely doubt
The Devil and his frailty found him out.

He was a man, (though he a Prophet were)
In whom no little weakness did appear:

And, thus he thought, perchance, *What shall I doe?*
A strange attempt my heart is urged too;
And, there is somewhat, earnestly incites
That I should hasten to the Ninivites,
And, preach, that if they alter not their wayes,
Their time of standing is but forty dayes.

My soul perswadeth God enjoyns me to it;
And sleep in peace I cannot til I do it:
But common Reason striveth to restrain
This Motion, and perswadeth me 'tis vain.
It saith, I am a sinner, and so fraile,
That many times my best endeavours faile

The Propheticall Trumpeter,

*To rectifie my selfe. How shall I then
Be hopeful of reclaiming other men?*

*To Israel I have threatned many years
Gods judgements: yet, no fruit thereof appears
Although they have some knowledge of the Lord,
And are within his League, they slight his word:
What hope then is there, that a heathen Nation
Will prove regardfull of my exhortation?
The stile of Prophet, in this land I carry;
And such a Calling, here, is ordinary
But, in a forraigne State, what warranty
Have I, to publish such a Prophecie?
How may the King and people take the same,
I shall in the open streets defame
So great a City? and condemn for sins,
A place wherein I never yet have bin.*

*If I shall, the Lord commanded me,
Then, they perhaps will answer, What is he?
For, they profess him not. Nay, some suspicion
They may conceive, that I to move sedition
Am sent among them. Or, if otherwise
They shall suppose, how can they but dispise
My, person, and my counsel, who shall from
So farre a place, so meere a stranger come,
That no man knows, or what, or who I am,
Or, from what countrey, or, from whom I came?*

*Such thought (belike) delay'd and fear'd him so;
And, so the Spirit urg'd him to go
For Niniveh; that not to go, nor stay,
Could he resolve; but, fled another way.
From which rebellious course, God fetcheth him back
With such a vengeance, that he did not lack
Sufficient proofes, how Reason did betray him,
And in his call causlesly affray him,*

Sounding an Alarum to Britaine

Yea (mark heav'ns providence) though *Jonas* went
Another way, it crost not Gods intent,
But furthered it. For, doubtless, ere he came
To *Nineveh*, the miracle and fame
Of his Deliverance, was sent before;
And, made his preaching work on them the more.
Now, though I do not arrogate, nor dare
My selfe (except in frailties) to compare
With blessed *Jonas*: yet I may behold
To say, our causes a resemblance hold.
My heart, and when that moves, as one avers,
It more prevails than many Counsellors.
My heart (I say) perswaded me ere while,
To read a warning Lecture to this Ile.
And in such manner moved, that to say
It came from God, me thinks, behold I may
Yet, my own nat'ral frailty, and the world,
Among my thoughts so many doubtings hurld,
That every step had rubs. I levell'd some
In my last Canto. Yet, I could not come
To even ground, till I had overtoppt
Some other Mountains which my passage stoppt.

Beware, said Reason, how thou undertake
This hazardous adventure, which to make
Thou hast resolv'd: for this wise age denies
That God vouchsafed any Prophecies
Concerning them; or, that the application
Of ought foretold, pertaineth to this Nation,
She saith, my constancy is no true signe
That God first moved this intent of mine;
Since Hereticks, and Traytors, oft are seen
As bold in all their causes to have been
As Martyrs be. And, that for what they do,
They can pretend the holy Spirit too.

The Prophetical Trumpeter,

And she perswades tis likely I shall pass
(At best) for one that much deluded was.

She sayes, moreover, that if these times be
Indeed, so wicked, as they seem to me;
I shall in stead of moving to repent,
Nought else but stir their fury, and be rent
Perhaps in pieces, by their hasty rage,
For, what's more likely in a wicked age?

When people in their sins grow hardened once,
She sayes I may as wel go talk to stones,
As tell them ought. For, they are in the dark;
And, what they see and hear, they do not mark.

She urged that the Prophets in old times
Did speak in vain against the peoples crimes;
And if in them their words begat no faith,
Much less will such as mine, my reason saith.
She tells me also that this Ile hath store
Of Prophets and of Preachers never more:
She sayes, that though their calling none neglect,
Their pains appear to take but small effect:
And, if such men authorised as they,
Do cast their words, without succels, away;
In vain my *Muse* (whose warrant most contemn)
Doth seek to work more piety in them.

A thousand things unto the life effect;
Yea, all and more than any can object,
(Who shall peruse this Book) my Reason brought
before me, and objected to my thought,
And, as a *Pilgrim* (who occasions hath
To take some extraordinary path)
Arrival making at a double way,
Is doubtfull whether to proceed or stay:
So fared I; I was nigh tyred quite,
Before I could be certain of the right.

Sounding an Alarm to Britaine.

Yea, twixt my doubtings, and all those replies
Which in my meditations did arise;
So amazed grew, I could not know
Which way it best befitted me to go:
But, at the last, God brought me thorow all
My doubts and fears; as though the Storm and Whale
Once *Jonas* came: That so all they, who are
Ordained for their good, these lynes to hear,
The more may profit, when they think upon
What streights I passed, e're this work was done,
To that intent my frailties I have so
Insisted on, as in this book I do.

Yea, I am hopefull also, they that read
These lines of mine (and mark with how much heed
And Christian awfulness, my heart was won
To censure and reprove as I have done)
Will plainly see, these *Numbers* flow not from
Fantastick rashness; nor from envy come.
Nor spring from faction; neither were begot
By their distracted zeale, who (knowing not
What Spirit guides them) often are beguiled
With shews of truth; and madly have reviled
Both good and ill; and whole unfavoury *Rimes*
Defames mens persons more then check their crimes.
Dishonour Kings; their sacred names blaspheme;
And having gain'd some notions in a dreame,
Or by report (of what they know not well)
Desire their giddy thoughts abroad to tell:
In hope to merit; as indeed they do,
Sometime the pillory and gallows too.

I trust, I say, these lines will seem no such;
Or, if they do, truth is, I care not much,
Because I certain am what pow'r infused
Those matters whereupon I now have muld.

The Prophetickall Trumpeter;

And know, that none will these or me condemn,
But they whose rage and follies I contemn.

Yet, that they may be sure I never care
Who censures me, nor what their censures are,
(When honest things I do) here, somewhat more
I'll add to what is mentioned before,
And give thee, Britaine, a more perfect sight
Of thy distempers, and thy sickly plight.

Yea, thou shalt know, I have not seen alone
A bodily Coniumption stealing on,
And wasting of thy Temporalities; but, that
I also have discovered of late,
A Lethargy upon thy soul to steal:
And that as wel the Church as Commonweale,
Both need a cure. Oh! do not quite neglect,
The good of both; but, one at least respect.
Though Judahs sicknesses unheeded be,
(Although thy temporall wounds afflict not thee
Yet look on Syon: yea, behold and see
Thy spiritualities how much impair'd they be.
The Churches Patrimony is decay'd
And many a one is in her spoyles araid,
Those Patrons, as we term them in this age,
Who of her Dowries have the Patronage,
Do roo and cheat her, many times of all;
And their Donations basely set to saile.

Those Cananites, whom thou preservest here,
And by thy lawes to be expelled were,
Are in thy borders now so multiply'd,
That they are thorns and thistles in thy side,
They are become a Serpent in thy path,
Which bites unseen; and nigh unhorsed hath
Some able Riders. On thy places high
Thy people doth commit Idolatry,

And reare strange *Alters*. In my Fields are found
Those cunning harmless Foxes to abound,
That spoile thy Vines. And some I have espy'd,
Twixt whose opposed tales, are firebrands ty'd,
Which waists thy fruits. Thy Harvest seemeth fair;
But secret blastings do so much impaire
And blite the Corn; that when it comes to bread,
Thy Children oft unwholsomly are fed,
Men use Religion as a stalking-horse
To catch preferment; yea, sometimes to worse
And baser uses they employ the same;
Like that bold harlot, who quite void of shame,
Did of her Vowes, and of her Peace-offerings make
A Ginn, lascivious customers to take.
Yea, some resembling him, from whom was cast
One Devill, when one sin they have displac't,
Of which the world took notice, sweep and cleanse
Themselves (in show) from all their other sins;
Yet secretly, let Sathan repossess,
And foul them with a seven-fold wickedness.

An universall dulness will benum
Thy senses, if thou do not soon become
More heedfull of thy state, then thou art yet:
For, ev'ry part hath felt an ague-fit.

Thy *Academs*, which are the famous places
In which all pious knowledges and graces
Should nourisht be, and whence thy chiefe supply
Of Teachers, come, (as from a Nursery)
Ev'n those fair Fountains are much tainted grown,
With doctrine hardly sound, which thence are blown
Through ev'ry quarter. In their Schools are heard
Vain jigs and janglings, worthless of regard.
Their very Pulpits, and their Oratories,
Are Stages, whereupon their own vain glories

The Prophetical Trumpeter,

Men often act. Yea, many a vain conceit,
Is brought instead of arguments of weight
And (which is worse) disorder is so rife
Among them; and the weeds of evill life
Have so regrown those *Gardens*, that (unless
Good government shall speedily redress
That spreading mischief) it wil overtop
The plants of *Syon*, and destroy her crop.

To be thy *Shepherds*, wolves are stoln in;
And thou hast those who even by day begin
To sow their Tares among thy purest Seed;
And, with mixt *Grains* thy Lands pollutions breed.
For hire, and money, Prophecies the Prophet:
The Priest doth preach to make a living of it,
Evn meerly for a living; and but few
Their holy charge for conscience sake pursue,
Which I by many signes could make apparent,
But that it is not yet within my Warrant.

Loquuntur Curae leves; little Cures
Do make men preach while't poverty endures.
Ingentes stupent; but, large livings make
Our Doctors dumb; condemn not my mistake:
For, though I do the Latine sentence wrong,
That's true I tell you in the English tongue.

Our Nation, which of late prophainness hated,
Is in that sin almost rationalated.

The Scriptures without reverence are used,
The holy phrase, in jesting, is abused
To flout, or praise, or curse, we can apply
Gods holy word, most irreliously.
Instead of Emblemes, moving thoughts divine,
The filthy pictures of lewd *Aretine*,
Are found in many Closets Foolish lies,
Prophane and most lascivious Elegies,

Are

Sounding an Allarum to Examine.

Are publike made. Yea, those whom heretofore
A heathen *Emperour* did so abhor;
That he, for them; their wanton Author sent
To underge perpetuall banishment;
Ev'n there, we read, and worse than those, by far,
Allowed pals, and unreproved are.
Nay, their vain Authors often cherisht be,
At least, they have the favour to go free.
But, if a graver *Muse* reprove their sin,
Lord, with what a hasty zeal they call it in!
How libellous they make it! and how vile,
Thou know'it; and at that folly thou dost smile.

Full warily the politick *D-rine*,
(Who should allow it) scanneth every Line
Before it pass; each phrase he doth suspect;
Although he findeth nothing to be checkt,
He fears to licence it. And if by chance
It pals abroad, to thwith doth ignorance
Mistake or misapply, and false and bad
Constructions are of good expressions made:
Yea, they who on the seats of Judgement sit,
Are oft, most ready to miscensure it.

I would they were as forward to disgrace
Those Authors, who have filled ev'ry place
With fruitless volumes For dispersed are
Ev'n quite throughout this Land every year,
Ev'n many thousand Reames of scurrill toyes.
Songs, Rimes and Ballads, whose vain use destroyes
Or hinders Vertuous knowledge, and Devotion,
And thus they do to further the promotion
Of our *Diana*. Yet, Behold, if we
To publish some few sheets required be,
Containing pious *Hymns*, or christian Songs.
Of ought which to the praise of God belongs:

Republique Transpire,
We do so fear the hindrance of our gain,
That like the *Ephesian* Silver-smith, faine
A great complaint, as to have enlarged
A little Book, had grievously o'recharged
The Common-wealth. Whereas if it were weigh'd
How much of late this Land is overlaid
With triviall volumes: or how much they do
Corrupt our Manners, and Religion too,
By that abusive matter they contain,
I should not seem unjustly to complain.
These times do swarm with Pamphlets, which be far
More dangerous than mortall poysons are.
Ev'n in thole books, whereby the simple thought
To finde true knowledge, they their bane have caught:
For, thence, strong heresies (there being hid
Amid some doubtles truths, a while unspid)
Steale out among the people, by degrees;
More mischief working than each Reader sees.
And, so, to ruine knowledge, that is made
A instrument; whereby it rising had.
For (by their lucre, who the Churches peace
Disturb, their private profit to increase)
Those Doctrines which are un-authorized,
Are so promiscuously divulg'd, and spread,
Among approved Verities, that some
Are in thole Labyrinths amaz'd become:
And such a contradiction is in that
VWhich their confused Pamphlets do relate;
That common Readers know not which to leave,
Nor, which the Church of England doth receive.
And from this mischief many others flow,
VWhich will, in future times, more harmfull grow.
This spins vain controversies to their length;
By this most heresies receive their strength.

And

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

And what distraction it already makes,
Ourgrieved Mother wofull notice tak:s
Intead of active knowledge, and her fruit;
This filleth men with itching o^di pute,
And empty words; whereby are set abroach
Athousand quarrells, to the truths raproach-
The sectaries, the munkeys, and the apes,
The Cubs and Foxes, which do mar our Grapes,
The VVolves in Sheep-skins, and our frantick rable
Of VVorship-mongers, are innumerable.
And as the Churches quiet they molest,
So they each other spightfully infest.
VVe have some quakers, some that halfe way go:
Some Semi-quezalls, some wholly so;
Some Anabaptists, some who do refuse
Black-puddings, and good pork, like arrant Jews:
Some also term'd Arminians are among
Our Priests and people, very lately sprung.
VWhat most, so call'd, profess, I stand not for;
And what some say they teach, I do abhor.
But, what some other, so misnam'd, believe,
Is that wherero best Christians credit give.
For, as we see the most reformed man,
By Libertines is term'd a Protestan:
So (by our purblind Formalist) all those
VWho new fantastick crotchets do oppose,
Begin to be misterm'd Coxils now.
And hence e'relong will greater mischiefs grow
Then most imagine. For, the foolish fear,
Lest they to be Dattrells may appear,
Or else be term'd quakers, will make
Great multitudes Religion quite forsake.
And I am halfe perswaded this will one
Of those great Schismes or earthquakes, cause

The Prophetical Trumpeter,

foretold in his *Apocalyps*; and they
Are blest, who shall not thereby fall away.
Some *Hocassies* and some *Fama'ists* have we;
And some, that no man can tel what they be;
Nor they themselves, Some seem so wondrous pure.
They no mans conversations can endure,
Unless they use their pleai strings; and appear
In ev'ry formall garb which they shall weare.
There be of those, who in their words deny,
And hate the practise of Idolatry,
Yet make an Idol of their formall zeale,
And underneath strickt holiness, conceale
A mystery of evil which deceives them,
And, when they think all safe, in danger leaves them.
Their whole *Religion* some do place in hearing:
Some, in the outward action of forbearing
Ill deeds or in wel doirg, though the heart
In that performance bear no reall part.
Some others, of their morrall actions make
Small conscience: and affirm that God doth take
No notice how in body they transgress,
If him in their inward man confels: *They*
As if a soul beloved could reside
Within a body quite unancie side.

Some not contented in the act of sin
Are grown so impudent, that they begin
To justify themselves in wickedness;
Or, by quait arguments to make it less;
And, by such Moniters, to such ends as this,
The *Christian liberty* defamed is.

Mewfangledness, Religion hath o'rethrown;
And, many as fantastical are grown
In that, as in apparell. Some, delight
In nothing more than to be opposite

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

To other men: Their zeale they wholly spend
The present government to reprehend;
The churches discipline to vill fie;
And raile, at all, which pleads antiquity.

They love not peace; and therefore have suspicion
Of Truth it self, if out of persecution:
And are so thankles, or so heedles be
Of Gods great love, in giving such a free
And plentiful means of publishing his word,
That, what, his Prophets of the Jews record,
Some verifie in us. Much praise is given
To that blinde age, wherein the Queen of Heaven
Was worshipt here. And rashly we extoll
Those dayes, as being much more plentifull.

Some, at the frequency of Preaching grutch,
And, tyred with it, think we have too much:
Nay, impudently practise to suppress
That Exercise, and make our plenty less,
And, that their doing may not want some faire
Or goodly coulour, they do call for Pray'r,
Instead thereof; as if we could not pray,
Until our preaching we had sent away.

As these are foolishly, or lewdly, wise;
We have some others wantonly precise:
So waywardly dispised, amidst our plenty,
And through their curiosity, so dainty,
'That very many cannot well digest
The bread of life, but in their manner drest.
'Nor will Gods *Manna*, or that measure serve,
Which he provides; but, they cry out they starve,
(Unless they feed upon their own opinions,
Which are like Egypt Garlike and her Onions)

Some like not Prayer thats extempory:
Some nor any that set form doth carry.

Some think there's no devotion; but in those
 That howle, or whine, or snuffle in the nose;
 As if that God vouchsafed all his Graces
 For feigned gestures, or for fowre faces.
 Some think not that the man, who gravely teacheth;
 Or hath a sober gesture when he preacheth,
 Of gentle voyce: hath any zeal in him,
 And therefore, such like Preachers they contemn.
 Yea, they suppose that no mans doctrine saves
 The Soul of any one, unless he raves,
 And roares aloud, and flings, and hurleth so
 As if his arms he quite away would throw;
 Or over-leap the Pulpit, or else break it
 And this, if their opinion true may make it,
 Is to advance their voyces trumpet-like,
 As God commands: yea this they say doth strike
 Sin dead. Whereas indeed, God seldome goes
 In whirlwinds, but is in the voice of those
 Who speak in meekness. And it is not in
 The pow'r of noyse to shake the walls of sin:
 For clamors, antique actions, writhed looks
 And such like mimick Rhetorick none brooks
 That hath discretion: neither doth it move
 The heart of any, when we so reprove;
 Except it be in some contrary motion,
 Which interrupt the hearts good devotion. *eth*
 The well affected Christian pities it;
 It makes prophaneſt men at nought to set
 Gods Ordinance. Meere morall men despise
 Such affection; much it terrifies *at*
 The ignorant: but very few from thence
 Receive sound knowledg, or true penitence.
 Some relish nothing, but those points that are
 In controverſie; some would nothing hear

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

But songs of Mercy; some delight in none
But songs of Thunder, and scarce any one
Is pleas'd in what he hears. Nay of their Preachers,
Merchanicks, arrogate to be the teachers. 8
Yea, most of us, what e're our Pastor sayes,
Keep still our own opinions and our wayes.
To hear and know Gods word, to some among
Our Nation, seemeth only to belong
To Clergy men; and their implicate Faith
Is built on what the common rumour saith.
Some others fill'd with curiosity
Affirm that ev'ry sev'rall mystery
Within Gods book included, doth concern
Ev'n each particular Christian man to learn:
Whereas they might as wel affirm each guest
That is invited to each Feast,
Is bound the sev'ral dishes there to heed
And upon every meat before him feed,
Nay, some have almost this imagination
That there is hardly hope of their Salvation
Who speak not *Hebrew*. And this now adayes,
Makes foolish women, and young Prentises
To learn that holy tongues, in which they grow
As do those who nothing know,
Save to be arrogant, and to contemn
Those Pastors, who have taken charge of them,
The appetite of some grows dull and failes,
Unless it may be pampered with Quails;
High flying crotchets, which we see do fill
Not halfe so many souls as they do kill.
We cannot be content to make our flights,
For that which God exposeth to our sights,
And search for that which he is pleas'd to show,
But, we must also pry, what God doth know,

Which was indeed an ancient fallacy
 Of *Satan*; and the very same whereby
 He cheated *Eve*. From seeking to disclose
 Beyond our warrant, what God onely knows,
 Proceedeth many errors. Thence doth come
 Most questions that have troubled *Chr. stendome*.
 Yea, leaching things conceal'd, hath overthrow
 The comfortable use of what is known.

Hence flowes their fruitless fond asseveration,
 Who blundered on *Eternall-Reprobation*,
 And many groundless whimsies have invented,
 Whereby much better musings are prevented.

Of Reprobation I no doubt have made;
 Yet, thole vain quarrellings which we have had,
 Concerning her, and her antiquity,
 (But that the world hath wiser fooles then I)
 Appears to me to bring so little fruits,
 That I suppose it fitter for disputes
 In Hell, (among the reprobated crue)
 Then for a Church of *Christians* to pursue:
 At least to brawle about with such hot rage,
 As hath possesst some spirits of this age.
 For, some have urg'd this point of Reprobation,
 As if the chiefest ground-work of salvation
 Depended on believing, just, as they
 (Deluded by their fancies) please to say.
 And, though they never found Gods holy word
 Did any mention of the same afford,
 But, as of that which did begin since *Time*;
 And with respect to some committed crimes:
 They, nevertheless, their streights together gather,
 To prove the child is older than the Father.
 And, since that fatall thred, there, finds her spinning,
 But for *Of*; at farthest from Beginning:

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine

They Reprobation otherwhile confound
With our Predestination: which is found
No where in all the Scripture to respect
The reprobates, but only Gods Elect.

And then they are compeld to prove the sense
Of their dark tenet, by an inference;
And to affirm from reason that Election
Eternall, doth infer the like rejection.

As if an action of Eternity,
Were fit to square our shallow reasons, by
Which argument because it hath not taken
True Faith, to ground on, may with ease be shaken.

Their tottering structure, therefore, up to keep,
They into Gods foreknowledg boldly peep,
Beyond his warrant; searching for decrees
And secrets, farther than an angell sees:
Presuming then, as if all things they knew,
And had Eternitie within their view.

But, that hath such an infinite extention.
Beyond their narrow-bounded comprehension,
That there they wander on, til they are mad
And lose that little knowledge which they had.

For what are they but mad men who maintain
The giddy fancies of their own weak brain,
For theses of Religion, which we must
Believe as they affirm them, or be thrust
Among the Reprobates? VVhat less, I pray,
Are they then mad who fool their wits away
In wheeling arguments which have no end?
In strains which man shall never apprehend?
In seeking what their knowledg doth exceed?
In vain disputings, which contentions breed.
In strange *Chymera's*, and fantastick notions,
That neither stir us up to good devotions,

Nor mend our manners? But our wayes pervert,
 Distract the Judgment, or puffed up the heart.
 If this I may not madness call, or folly,
 Tis (at the best) religious-melancholly.

What shall we judge of those who strive to make
 Gods Word (whose terms and scope **they** much mistake
 Their proofes for that whereof no proofes they are,
 And sleight those truths, for which the Text is clear:
 What shall we deem of those, who quite mistaking
 Good authors, and their volumes guilty making
 Of what they never meant, do preach and write
 Against those Books with rancorous despight,
 Which being wel examin'd, say the same
 Which they affirm, and check what they do blame.
 Such men there be, and they great noyse have made
 By fighting furiously with their own shade.

What may be thought of them, who likely, ever,
 In their perverse opinions to persevere,
 Take knowledge up on trust: and follow those,
 Who lead them on, as wild-geese fly in rows?
 And when their multitude is waxen great,
 Do then so wilfully prejudicate,
 Become so confident of that they hold,
 And in their blinde assurance, so are bold,
 That they can brook no tryall, neither see
 Their oversights, how plain so e're they be;
 But fondly think (though we believe it not)
 That they intallibilitie have got.

Some pious men; yea, some great Doctors tread.
 Such Labyrinths; and often are misled
 By holding that which they at first were taught,
 Without due proving all things as they ought:
 And vulgar men are often led awry,
 By their examples, and for company.

For

For as a traveller that is to come
From some far Countrey, through large deserts home,
Nor knowing wel the way, is glad to take
His course with such who shows of cunning make,
And walks along, depending still on them,
Through many a wood, and over many a stream,
Till he and they are lost: there to remain
He finds no safetie, nor means back again,
Nor list to leave his company; because
He hopes that nearer homeward still he draws,
And that his guides full sure of passage are,
Although they cannot wel describe it where,
So, when plain men do first attempt the way
Of knowledge, by their guides, they walk astray.
VVithout distrust: and when arriv'd they be
VVhere many troublesome windings they do see
And where no certainty they can behold,
Yet, on their leaders knowledg they are bold,
Or on their multitude: yea, though they know,
And see them erre, and turn and stagger so,
In darksome paths, that well suppose they may,
They rove and wander in an uncouth way;
Yet still they are unwilling to suspect
The wisdom of the Fathers of their Sect.
Yea, though no satisfaction they can find,
Though fears and doubtings do afflict their mind,
They still impute it rather to their own
Infirmities, or to the depths unknown
Of those mysterious points, to mention brought;
But never call in question what is taught:
Lest being by those Teachers terrifide,
They might forsaken in despaire abide.
Their Doctors, also, failing to devise
Strong arguments, their hearers to suffice,

This course, to save their credits, late have got;
 They say, forsooth, Faiths doctrine settles not
 With naturall capacities; and that
 The Spirit must those men illuminate
 VVho shall receive them. And indeed in this,
 They do both say the truth, and say amiss:
 This is a Jesuitish juggling trick,
 And if allow'd it be, each lunatick,
 And every brain-sick Dreamer, by that way,
 May foist upon us all that he can say,

For, though Gods holy Spirit must create
 New hearts within us, and regenerate
 Depraved nature, e're it can be able
 To make our outward hearings profitable;
 VVe must not think that all which fancy saith
 (In terms obscure) are mysteries of faith.
 Nor make the hearers want of power to teach
 Their meanings to be proofes of what they teach.

There is twixt men, and that which they are taught,
 Some naturall proportion, or tis naught.
 The deepest mystery of our profession,
 Is capable of literall expression,
 As wel to reprobates as men elected;
 Or else it may of error be suspected.
 Yea, wicked men a power granted have
 To understand, although they misconceive;
 And can of darkest pointsmake plain relations,
 Though to themselves they faile in applications.

God never yet did bid us take in hand
 To publish that which none can understand:
 Much less affecteth he a man should mutter
 Rude sounds of that, whose depth he cannot utter;
 Or in uncertain terms, as many do,
 Who Preach non-sense, and oft *non entia* too:

For those which man to man is bound to shew,
Are such plain Truths, as we by word may know;
Which when the hearer can express again,
The fruit hath equalled the Teachers pain.

Then, though the soul doth many times conceive
(By faith, and by that Word which we receive)
Deep mysteries, and that which far transcends
A carnall knowledge: though she apprehends
Some glimmerings of those Objects, that are higher
Then humane Reason ever shall aspire;
Though she hath tastings of that blessedness,
Which mortall tongue could never yet express;
And though the soul may have some earnest given
On earth, of what it shall enjoy in heaven;
Though God may, when he list (and now and then,
For cause not ordinary) to some men
Vouchsafeth (for their secret satisfactions).

A few reflections from eternall actions:
Though this be so, let no man arrogate
That he such secrets can by word relate:
For, they are things, of which no voice can preach;
High flights, to which no mortall man can reach,
Tis Gods own work, such raptures to convey,
To compass them there is no other way,
But by his blessed Spirit: and of those
Most can we not, some must we not disclose.
For if they only touch our private state,
They were not sent, that we should them relate;
But deigned that the soul they strengthen might
Amid the perils of some secret fight;
VWhen men to honour God, or for their sin,
The terrours of this life are plunged in.
And as it is reputed of those things,
VWhich foolish people think some Fairy brings,

So, of *Euthusians* speak I may;
 Discover them, and straight they fly away.
 For, thus they fare who boast of Revelations,
 Or of the certainty of their Salvations;
 Or any Ghostly gift, at times or places,
 Which warrant not the mention of such graces:
 Yea, by revealing things which they should hide,
 They entrance make for over weening pride:
 And that quite marres the blessing they possesse,
 Or, for a while obscureth it at best:

And yet, if any man shall climb so high,
 That they attain unto a Mystery,
 Conceiv'd by few; they may, if they be able,
 Disclose it where it may be profitable.
 But they must know, that (if it be, indeed,
 Of such transcendency, as doth exceed
 Meere naturall reaches) it should be declar'd
 To none, save unto those who are prepar'd
 For such conceptions; and more apt to know them
 By their own thoughts, then are our words to show
 Else, all they utter will in Clouds appear, [them
 And errors, men, for truths, away will bear.

Would this had been observed a little more,
 By some who in our Congregations roare
 Of Gods unknown Decrees, Eternall-Callings,
 Of Perseverance, and of Finall Fallings.
 And such like Mysteries. Of else, I would
 That they their meanings better utter could,
 If wel they meant. For, though those points afford
 Much comfort and instruction. as Gods word
 Hath mentioned them, and may applyed be,
 And opened, when we just occasion see;
 Yet, as most handle them, who now adayes,
 Do passe for Preachers, with a vulger praise,

They profit not; for, this ripe age hath young
And forward wits, who by their fluent tongue,
And able memories, a way have found
To build a house, e're they have laid the ground,
With common places, and with notes purloin'd
(Not wel applyed, and as ill conjoyn'd)
A garb of preaching these have soon attained,
VWhich hath, with many, approbation gained
Beyond their merit. For, they take in hand
Those mysteries, they neither understand,
Nor studied on. And they have much distracted
Some hearers, by their Doctrines ill compacted:
Yea, by enquiring out what God fore-sees,
And meddling much with his unknown Decrees,
The Chnrches peace so much disturb'd have they;
So foul and crooked made Faiths plainest way;
Such scandalls rais'd; and interrupted so,
By dōubts impertinent, what men should do;
And their endeavours nullified so far,
That many of them at a nonplus are.

Heydons not of their minds, who take from this,
And other things, that are perform'd amiss,
Occasion to disparage frequent preaching,
Or, to abate our plentioufness of teaching:
For, of our Harvest, Lord, I humbly pray,
The store of Labourers continue may.
And, I could also wish, that none were chose
To be a seed-man, till he truly knows
The wheat from tares; and is indu'd with reason,
And grace, to sow in order, and in season,
And that those art-less workmen may be staid,
VWho build before foundations they have laid:
Left, when our Church wel built, suppose we shall,
It sink, and overwhelm us in the Fall.

It pities me to mark what rents appear
Within our Sion, and what daubings are
To hide the ruines, and I fear the frame
Will tetter, if we long neglect the same.
Our watchmen for the greater part, are grown
Less mindfull of Gods honor, than their own:
For either almost wholly we omit
That work, or undiscree'tly follow it.

Some speak the truth, without sincere intention,
As they who preach the Gospel for contention.
Some by their wicked lives do give offence,
And harden men in their impenitence.
As if not hel nor heav'n they did believe,
They ryot, game, drink drunk, and whore, and thieve,
For avarice, and envy, none are worse;
They are malicious, and blasphemous, and curse,
As much as any others. None are more
Regardles of the soul that's mean and poore,
Among their neighbors, none more quarrellsome,
Or that more hardly reconcil'd become,
Then many Clergy-men: and as we see
They are the best of men, when good they be;
So, there are none that wander more astray;
When they have left a sanctified way.

Some Pastors are too hot, and some too cold,
And very few the golden temper hold.

Some at the Papist with such madness fling,
As if they could not utter any thing
Of them too vile; though ne're so false it were:
And we so used by their Jesuits are.
Some others at the Quakers do strike,
So furiously, that they are often like
To wrong the Protestants: for, men impose
That name sometime, upon the best of those;

Yea, they who are prophaine, that name mislay
On all who make a conscience of their way.
Some Shepherds on their flocks are gorg'd at full,
And sumptuously arrayed in their wooll.
But, thoe that are diseas'd, they make not strong:
Their sickliest sheep they seldome come among:
They take no care the broken up to bind;
The sheep that's lost they never seek to find:
They let such wander as will run astray,
And many times their fury so doth fray
The tender conscience, that their indiscretion
Doth fright their hearers headlong to perdition.

Gods bounty hath large pastorage provided,
But they have not his flocks with wisdom guided:
For in the midit of plenty, some be ready
To starve in ignorance. Some sheep are headdy:
Some get the straggers, some the scab, and they
Infect their fellows. Some the wantons play
Among the thorns and bryars, which have torn
The marks and fleeces, which they should have worn.
Some straggle from the flock, and they are straight
Surpriz'd by wolves, which lye for them in wait.
Some sought large feeding, and ranck pastures got,
VWhich prov'd not wholsome, and they caught the rot.

For, many preach themselves, and fancies broach,
That scandall preaching, to the truths reproach.
Yea, some term that (forsooth) Gods word divine,
VWhich would halfe shame me, should they term it
And they we see, that longest pray and speak (mine,
Are prized of most though head nor foot they make.
Because the common hearers of this Land,
Think best of that which least they understand.

Some, also, by their feet disturb the springs;
Or trample or defile Gods pasturings,

And

By hypocrites, injuriously defamed;
 By the frailties of the best, oft shamed.
 And pow'r ecclesiasticall is granted
 To them, full often, who those minds have wanted
 Becomming such authority: and they
 Play fast and loose, ev'n with the Churches Key.
 They censure and absolve, as best shall make
 For their advantage; not for conscience sake.
 As they shall please, they punnish or connive;
 And by the peoples follies they do thrive.
 Of evill customes many are we see
 Insinuated, and so strict are we
 To keep them, that we sottishly deny
 To leave them, for what more would edifie?
 And we so much do Innovations fear,
 That needfull reformations none appear.

VVe have prophained every holy thing;
 Even our most Christian Feasts which are to bring
 Gods *Mercies* to our thought, and memorize
 Of *Saving Grace*, the *sacred Mysteries*:
 Some have even those gain-sayed; and in that
 Have evil spoken of they know not what.
 Some others keep them; but as heathenishly,
 As Feasts of *Bacchus*; and impietic
 Is then so rife, that God is rarely named
 Or thought upon, except to be blasphemed.

By these, and other wayes, the Church doth lose
 Much honour to the glory of *Her Foes*,
 And our great *shame* and *loss*: for *her decayes*
 Shall be this *Realms disprofit and dispraise*.

God hath a *controversie* with our *Land*;
 And in an *evil plight* *affairs* do stand.
 Already we do smartt for doing ill;
 Yet us the hand of God afflicteth still,

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine,

And hey are either such as make obscure
Faiths principles; or such whose lives impure,
Prophane their Doctrines. Other some have we,
VVho like the beast that over-gamesome be,
Do push their weaker brethren with their Horns;
And hunt them from the flock, by wrongs, or scorn.

Gods houses, also, much neglected are;
And of his Sanctuaries, few have care.
A barn, or any common house, or room,
Is thought as wel Gods worship to become,
As in the Churches infancy; or there,
VV herewants, and wars, and persecutions are.
Amidst our peace and plenties, we do grutch
Our Oratories should be trimm'd as much
As are our vulgar dwellings; and repine
That exercises which are most divine,
Should with more Rites, or Ornaments be done,
Then when the troublous times afforded none.
As if a Garden when the flow'rs are blown,
VVere stil to look as when it first was sown.

To worship so in spirit, we pretend
That in our bodies, we do scarcely bend
A leg, or move a cap, w hen there we be,
VVhere Gods most holy Mysteries we see
Yea, many seem so careful to have bin,
To let no superstition enter in,
That they have almost, wholly banisht hence,
All decency, and pious Reverence.

The Church by Lukewarm Christians, is neglected,
By brutish Atheists it is dis-respected;
By greedy VVorldlings, robbed of her fleeces,
By self-will'd Schismaticks nigh torn in pieces;
By Tyrants and by infidels opposed;
By her blind Guides, to hazard oft exposed;

By

And many see it not ; as many be
 So wilful, that his hand they wil not see.
 Some plainly view the same, but nothing care :
 Some at the sight thereof amazed are,
 Like *Balthazar*, and have a trembling heart, ,
 Yet wil not from their vanities depart.

About such matters, other some are loath
 Their thoughts to busie, (meerly out of sloth)
 Like him, who rather would in hazard put
 His Life, than rise from bed the door to shut.
 Some dream that all things do by chance succeed,
 And that I prate more of them than I need :
 But heav'n and earth to witness I invoke,
 That causlesly, I nothing here have spoke.

If this, oh sickly *Iland* ! thou believe,
 And for thy great infirmitie thait grieve,
 And, grieving of thy follies make confessions ;
 And, to confels thine infinite transgressions :
 That thou amend those errors : God thal then
 Thy manifold distempers cure agen ;
 Make all thy scarlet sins as white as snow ,
 And cast his threatned judgments on thy foe.
 But, if thou (fondly thinking thou art wel)
 Shalt sleight this Message, which my Muse doth tell,
 And scorn her counsel ; if thou shalt not rue
 Thy former wayes ; but frowardly pursue
 Thy wilful course : then, hark what I am bold,
 (In spite of all thy madness) to unfold.
 For, I wil tel thy Fortune ; which when they
 That are unborn shal read another day,
 They will believe Gods mercy did infuse
 Thy Poets brest, with a Prophetick Muse.
 And know, that he this author did prefer
 To be from him, this *Iles Remembrancer*.

Sounding an allarm to Great Britain.

If thou, I say, oh *Britain* ! shalt retain
Thy crying sins, thou dost presume in vain
Of Gods protection. If thou stop thine eare,
Or burn this *Rowle*, in which recorded are
Thy just *Induements* ; it shall written be
VVith new additions, deeply stamp't on thee
With such *Characters*, that no time shall race
Their fatal image, from thy scarred face :
Though haughtily thou dost thy self dispose,
Because the Sea thy borders doth inclose.
Although upon the Rocks thy nest is plac'd ;
Though thou among the Stars thy dwelling hast ;
Though thou encreate thy ships ; and unto that
Which is thine own, with King *Iehosaphat*,
Joyn *Ahabs* forces. Though thou watch and ward,
And all thy Ports and Havens strongly guard ;
Although thou multiply thy inland forces,
And muster up large troops of men and horses ;
Though like an Eagle thou thy wings display'st,
And (high thy self advancing) proudly say'st ;
*I sit aloft, and am so high, that none
Can fetch me from the place I rest upon.*
Yea, though thou no advantages didst want,
Of which the glorious *Emperies* did vaunt ;
Yet, sure, thou shalt be humbled and brought low ;
Ev'n then, perhaps, when least thou fear'st it so.

Till thou repent, provisions which are made
For thy defence, or others to invade,
Shall be in vaine; and stil the greater cost
Thou shalt bestow, the honour that is lost
Shall be the greater, and thy wasted strength,
Be sick of a Consumption at the length.
Thy treaties, which for peace or profit be,
Shall neither peace, nor profit bring to thee.

Or, if thy Counsels prosper for a while,
 God wil permit it, onely to beguile
 Thy foolishness; and tempt thee on; to run
 Some courses, that will bring his Judgements on.
 Yea, all thy winnings shall but fuel be,
 To feed those follies that now spring in thee;
 And make with vengeance those the more enrag'd
 Who shall for thy correction be engag'd.
 What ever threatned in Gods Book hath bin,
 Against a wicked people for their sin,
 Shall come on thee: His hand shall be for ill,
 On every Mountain, and high-raised hill.
 Thy lofty *Cedars*, and thy sturdy *Oaks*,
 Shall feel the fury of his Thunder stroaks.
 Upon the Ships, thy Havens, and thy Ports,
 Upon thy arms, thy armies, and thy Forts,
 Upon thy pleasures and commodities,
 Thy Crafts mechanick, and thy merchandise;
 On all the fruits and Cattel in thy fields,
 On what the ayre, or what the water yeilds,
 On State and people; on both weak and strong,
 On Priest and Prophet; or both old and young;
 Yea, on each person, place, and every thing,
 The Plague it hath deserved, God shal bring.

What ever thou dost hope he frustrate shall;
 And make what e're thou fearest on thee fall.
 This pleasant soyle, wherein such plenty grows,
 And where both milk and honey overflows,
 Shall for thy peoples wickedness be made
 A Land as barren, as what never had,
 Such plenties in it God shall drive away
 Thy pleasant Fowles, and all those Fish that play
 Within thy waters; and for whose great store
 Some other Nations would have prais'd him more.
 Those

Those Rivers, that have made thy vallies rich,
Shall be like streams of ever burning Pitch,
Thy dust, as Brimstone, fields as hard and dry
As iron is; the firmament on high,
Like Brass, shall yeild thee neither rain nor dew,
The hope of wasted blessings to renew.
Aleanness, shall thy fatness quite devour;
Thy wheat shall in the place of wholesome flowre,
Yeild nought but bran. In stead of grass and corn,
Thou shalt in times of harvest, reap the thorn,
The thistle and the bryar. Of their shadows
Thy Groves shall robbed be: thy flowry Meadows
shall sterile wax: there shall be seldom seen
Sheep on thy downs, or Shepheards on the Green,
Thy walks, thy Gardens, and each pleasant plot,
Shall be as those where men inhabit not,
Thy Villages; where goodly dwellings are,
Shall stand as if they unfrequented were.
Thy Cities and thy Palaces wherein
Most neatness and magnificence hath bin,
Shall heaps of rubbish be, and as in those
Demolisht Abbies wherein Doves and Crows,
Now make their nests, the Bramble, and the Nettle,
Shall in their halls and parlours roote, and settle,
Thy Princes houses, and thy wealthy Ports,
Now fill'd with men of all degrees and sorts,
Shall no inhabitants in them retain,
But some poor Fisherman, or Countrey Swaine,
Who of thy glories, when the marks they see,
Shall wonder what those mighty ruins be;
As now they do, who old foundations find,
Of towns and Cities perisht out of mind.

The places where much people meetings had,
Shall vermine holes, and dens for beasts be made.

Or

Or walks for sprights, who from those uncouth rooms
 Shall fright the passenger, which that way comes.
 In stead of mirth and laughter, lamentation
 Shall there abide: and loathsome desolation,
 In stead of company. Where once was heard
 Sweet melody, men shall be made afeard
 With hideous cryes, and howlings of despaire.
 Thy very Climate, and thy temperate ayre,
 Shall lose their whollomness, for thy offences,
 And breed hot Fevers. Murraines, Pestilences,
 And all diseases: they that now are trained
 In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained;
 In stead of idle games, and wanton dances,
 Shall practise how to handle guns, and launces;
 And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,
 To end their lives in oivers uncouth places;
 Or else, thy face, with their own blood defile,
 In hope to keep themselves, and thee, from spoile.

Thy beautilous Women, whose great pride is more
 Than theirs, whom *Esay* blamed heretofore,
 In stead of paintings, and of costly ients,
 Of glittering gems, and precious ornaments,
 Shall wear detormitie about their faces;
 And being rob'd of all their tempting graces,
 Feele wants, diseases, and all such like things,
 Which to a wanton Lover lothing brings.

Thy God, shall for thy overflowing vices,
 Scourge thee with Scorpions, Serpents, Cockatrices,
 And other such; whose tailes with stings are armed,
 That neither can be plucked forth, nor charmed.
 Thou shalt not be suffiz'd when thou art fed;
 Nor shalt thou suffer scarcitie of bread
 And temporall food alone; but, of that meat,
 Whereof the faithfull soul desires to eat.

That

That curse of Ravenous Beasts, which God hath said,
Upon a wicked Kingdom shal be laid,
He will inflict on thee. For though there be
No Tygers, Lyons, Wolves, or Bears in thee,
By beastly minded men that shall be far
More cruel than those bloody spoylers are,
Thou shalt be torn: for, each man shall assay
His fellow to devour as lawfull prey.

In stead of Lyons, tyrants thou shalt breed,
Who not of conscience nor of Law take heed;
But, on the weak mans portion lay their Paw,
And make their pleasures to become their Law,
In stead of tygers, men of no compassion,
A furious, and a wilful generation,
Shall fil thy borders. Thieves and outlaws vile,
Shal hunt the waies, and haunt the woods for spoyle,
As Bears and Wolves. A subtile cheating crew
(That wil with tricks and cozenages pursue
The simpler sort) shal here encrease their breed;
And in their subtilties the Fox exceed.
That hoggish herd, which alwaies rooting are
Within the ground, and never upward rear.
Their grunting snouts; nor fix their eyes on heav'n,
To look from whence their daily food is giv'n:
Those filthy swinish livers, who desire
To feed on draff, and wallow in the mire;
Those who affect rank puddles, more than springs;
To trample and despise most pleasant things;
The holy to prophane; Gods herbs of grace
To nouzle up, his Vinyard to deface;
And such like harms to do: these shal thy fields,
Marre worse, then those wild boares the desert yeilds.

If thou remaine impenitent, thou art
Like Egypt, and so stony is thy heart.

For which obdurateness, those plagues wil all
Descend on thee, which did on Egypt fall.

Blood, Frogs, and Lice, great swarms of uncooth *Flies*,
th'infectious *Murraine*, whereof Cattle dies:

Boyles, Scabs, & Blaines fierce *Haile*, & *Thunder-storms*,
The *Locust*, and all fruit devouring *Worms*.

Cross Darknes, and the death of those that be
Thy Darlings, all those plagues shall fall on thee,
According as the Letter doth imply,
Or, as in mystick sense they signifie.

Thy purest Rivers God shall turn to blood;
With ev ry Lake, that hath been sweet and good,
Ev'n in thy nostrils he shall make it stink,
For nothing shall thy people eat or drink,
Vntill their own or others blood it cost;
Or put their lives in hazard to be lost.

Most loathsome Frogs; that is a race impure,
Of bale condition, and of birth obscure,
(Ev'n in unwholsome tens, and ditches, bred)
Shal with a clownish rudeness over-spread
Thy pleasant st fields; thy fairest rooms possess;
And make unwholsome by their fluttishness,
Thy kneeding troughs, thy ovens, aud that meat,
Whereof thy people, and thy Princes eat,
This hatefull brood, shall climb to croak and sing,
Within in lodging chambers of the King,
Yea, there make practise of those naturall notes,
Which issue from their evil-sounding throats:
To wit, vain-brags, revilings, r. baldries,
Vile slanders, and unchristian blasphemies.

The Land shall breed a nasty generation,
Unworthy either of the reputation
Or name of men. For, they as Lice shall feed
Ev'n on the body whence they did proceed;

Til poverty, and floventy, and floath,
Have quite disgraced them, and contum'd them both.

There shall, moreover, swarmes of divers Flies,
Engendred be in thy prosperities,

To be a plague: the flesh-flye shal corrupt

Thy savory meats; Musketoes interrupt

The weary traveller; thou shalt have Drones,

Dores, Hornets, Wasps, and such like angry-ones,

Who represent that swarm whose buzzing tongues

(Like strings) are used in their neighbors wrongs;

And, stil are flying, and stil humming so,

As if they meant some weighty work to do,

Whenas, upon the common stock they spend;

And nought perform of that which they pretend.

Thy Butter-flies shall plague thee too; ev'n those,

Who wast their Lands and Rents, in gaudy clothes

Or idle flutterings, and then spawn their seed,

Upon thy godli ft flow'rs and herbs to feed.

As beasts destroyed by the Murraine be,

So they that are of beastly life in thee,

By lewd example shal infect each other,

And in their foul diseases rot together.

On all thy people, or what sort soe're,

Shall Scabs, and bile, and running sores appear,

The fruits of their corruption. Yea, with pains

(Within their conscience, and with scars and blaines

Of outward infamy) they shal be grieved,

And in their tortures perish unrelieved.

Tempestious storms, upon this Ile shall fall,

Hot thunder-bolts, and Haile-stones therewithall,

Men either too too hot, or too too cold,

Or el'e luke warm. But few or none shall hold

A rightfull temper: and these meteors wil

Thy borders with a thousand mischieves fill.

The Locust also, and the Palmer worms,
Shall prey on what escapeth from the storms,
Not they alone, which on the grass do breed;
But also, they who from the pit proceed
Which hath no bottom: and when any thing
Doth by the dew of Heav'n begin to spring,
They shal devour the same, til they have left thee,
Nor leafe nor blossome; but of all bereft thee.

Then shall a darkness, far more black,
Then when the light corporeal thou dost lack.
For grossest ignorance, o'reshadowing all,
Shall in so thick a darkness thee inthrall,
That thou a blockish people shalt be made,
Stil wandring on in a deceiving shade;
Mistrusting those that safest paths are showing,
Most trusting them, who counsel thy undoing;
And aye tormented be with doubts and fears,
As one that outcries, in dark places hears.

Nor shal the hand of God from thee return,
Til he hath also smote thine eldest-born,
That is, til he hath taken from the quite,
Ev'n that whereon thou setst thy whole delight;
And filled ev'ry house throughout this Nation,
With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.

So great shall be thy ruine, and thy shame,
That when the neighbor kingdomes hear the same
Their ears shal tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies must receive their dooms;
A day of clouds, a day of gloominess,
A day of black despaire, and heaviness
It wil appear. And then thy vanities,,
Thy gold, thy silver, thy confederacies,
And all those reeds on which thou hast depended;
Wil faile thy trust, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy Judge, thy Priests, and Prophets, then shal mourn
 And, peradventure, feignedly return
 To beg of God to succour them: but they
 Who wil not hearken to his voice to day,
 Shal cry unheeded: and he wil dispise
 Their vows, their prayers, and their sacrifice:

A sea of troubles, all thy hopes shall swallow,
 As waves on waves, so plague on plague shal follow:
 And ev'ry thing that was a blessing to thee,
 Shal turn to be a curse; and help undo thee.

Thy Magistrates have to thee thy fathers bin:
 By means of them hath peace been kept within
 Thy sea-girt limits: they thy weale befriended,
 The blessed faith they stoutly have defended:
 But know, that, til thou shalt repent, no part
 Belongs to thee of what is his desert;
 His princely vertues, to his own availe,
 Shall profit much: but they to thee shall faile.
 To thee his clemency shall seem severe,
 His favours all, shall injuries appear,
 And when thy sin is fully ripe in thee,
 Thy prince and people then alike shall be,
 Thou shalt have babes to be thy Iudges, or worse,
 Those tyrants who by cruelty and force
 Shal take away thy ancient freedomes quite,
 From all their Subjects, yea themselves delight,
 In their vexations: and all those that are
 Made slaves thereby, shal murther, yet not dare
 To stir against them. By degrees they shal
 Deprive thee of thy patrimonies all;
 Compel thee (as in other Lands this day)
 For thine own meat, and thine own drink to pay.
 And at the last begin to exercise.
 Upon thy sons, all heathenish tyrannies,

As just prerogatives. To these intents,
 Thy nobles shall become their instruments.
 For they who had their birth from noble races,
 Shall some and some be brought into disgraces;
 From offices they shall excluded stand:
 And all their vertuous off-spring, from the Land,
 Shall quite be worn: instead of whom shall rise
 A brood advanced by impieties,
 By flattery, by purchase, and by that
 Which ev'ry truly noble one doth hate.
 From stems ob cure, and out of mean professions,
 They shall ascend and mount by their ambitions,
 To seats of Justice, and those Names to bear,
 Which honor'd most within these nations are.
 And being thither got shall make more strong
 Their new-built greatness, by encreasing wrong.
 To those, wil some of these themselves unite,
 Who by their births to Lordly Stiles have right;
 But viciously consuming their estate,
 Did from their fathers worths degenerate:
 By this confederacy, their nobler bloods
 Shall countenance the others il-got goods;
 The others wealth again, shall keep from scorn
 Their beggery, who have been nobly born:
 And both together, being else unable,
 (In this il course to make their standing stable)
 Shall seek how they more great and strong may grow,
 By compassing the publike overthrow,
 They shal abuse thy friends with tailes and lies;
 With seeming love and servile flatteries.
 They shall perswade them they have power to make
 Their wills their Law; and as they please to take
 Their peoples goods, their children and their lives,
 Ev'n by their just and due Prerogatives.

When

When thus much they have made them to believe,
Then they shall teach them practises to grieve
their subjects by; and instruments become
to help the screwing up, by some and some,
To compas their designs. They shall devise
Strange projects, and with impudence and lyes,
Proceed in settling them. They shall forget
Those reverent usages, which do besit
The majestie of State, and raile and storm,
VVhen they pretend disorders to reform,
In their high counsels, and where men should have
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,
VVhen they offend, they shall be threatned there,
Or cost, or taunted, though no caule appear.

It is unseemly for a judge to sit
And exercise a jibling School-boyes wit
Upon their trades, or names, who stand before
Their judgment seats: but who doth not abhor,
To hear it, when a Magistrate objects,
Birth, poverty, or personall defects
In an upbraiding wise? Or, who with me
Derides it not, when in our Courts we see
Those men, whose bodies are both old and weak,
(Forgetting grave and useful things to speak)
Vent Giants words, and bristle up as tho
Their very breath could armies overthrow:
VVhereas (poor weaklings) were there in their places
No more authority, then in their faces,
Their persons, or their language, all their chafing,
And threatning, nothing would effect but laughing.
For unto me big looks, and crying, hoh,
As dreadful seems as when a Child cryes, boh,
To fright his Nurse, yea such a bugbeare fashion
Effecteth nought but scornful indignation.

But in those times (which nearer are than some
 Suppose perhaps) such Rhetorick will come
 To be in use; and arguments of *Reason*
 And just proceeding, wil be out of season.
 Their wisdom shall be folly; and go nigh
 To bring contempt on their authority.
 Their *Council-table* shall a snare be made,
 And those 'gainst whom they no just matter had,
 At first appearance, shall be urg'd to say
 Some word or other, ere they part away,
 Which wil betray their innocence to blame,
 And bring upon them detriment and shame:
 Yea, many times (as *David* hath of old,
 Concerning such oppressors, wel fore-told)
 To humble crouchings, and to feigned shoves,
 Descend they shall to work mens overthrowes:
 And, what their subtilty doth fail to gain,
 They shall by rigour and by force obtain.

What ever from thy people they can teare
 Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were
 A prize which had been taken from the foe:
 And, they shall make no conscience what they do
 To prejudice *Posteritie*. For, they
 To gain their lust, hut for the present day,
 Shall with such love unto themselves endeavor,
 That (though they knew it would undo for ever
 Their own posterity) it shall not make
 Those *Monsters* any better course to take.

Nay, God shall give them up for their offences,
 To such uncomely reprobated senses:
 And blind them so, that when the ax they see
 Ev'n hewing at the root of their own tree,
 By their own handy strokes, they shall not grieve
 For their approaching fall: no, nor believe

Their

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

Their fall approacheth ; nor assume that heed
Which might prevent it, til they fall indeed.
Thy Judges, *Britain*, in those days will bee
Like roaring Lions, making prey of thee.
God shall deliver thee into their hand,
And they shall act their pleasure in the Land ;
As once his *Prophet* threatned to that nation,
VWhich doth exemplifie thy *Desolation*.

Thy Priests (as thou hast wallowed in excess)
Shal take delight in drink and wantonness.
And those, whom thou dost cal. thy *Noble ones*
Shall to the very marrow, gnaw thy bones.
Thy *Lawyers* fulfully shall wrest thy Laws,
And (to the ruin of the common Cause)
Shal mis-interpret them, in hope of grace
From those, who may dispoyle them of their place.
Yea, that whereto they are obliged, both
By *conscience*, by their *calling*, and their *Oath*
To put in execution they shal teare,
And leave them helpless, who oppressed are.
Thy Prelates in the spoyl of thee shal share ;
Thy Priests as light shall be as those that are
The meanest persons : all their Prophecies
Or Preachings shall be heresies and lies.
The word of truth shal not in them remain,
Their lips no wholesome knowledge shal retain,
And all his outward means of saving grace,
Thy God shall carry to another place.

Mark wel, oh *Britain* ! what I now shal say,
And do not sleightly pass these words away,
But be assured that when God begins,
To bring that vengeance on thee for thy sins,
Which hazard shall with total over-throw,
Thy *Prophets*, and thy *Priests* will sliely sow

The seeds of that dissention, and sedition,
 Which time will ripen for thy sad perdition,
 Ev'n they who formerly were of thy peace
 The happy instruments, shall then increase
 Thy troubles most. And, ev'n as when the *Jews*
 Gods truth-pretelagging Prophets did abuse,
 He suffered those who preached in his *Name*,
 Such falsehoods, as the chiefest cause became
 Of their destruction: so if thou go on
 To make a scorn (as thou hast often done)
 Of them who seek thy welfare, he will send
 False Prophets that shall bring thee to thine end,
 By saying all things thou wouldst have them say,
 And lulling thee asleep in thine own way.
 If any brain-sick *Fellow*, whom the Devil
 Seduceth to inflict on thee some evil,
 Shall coyn false Doctrines, or perswade thee to
 Some foolish course that wil at length undo
 The *Common-weal*: his counsel thou shalt follow;
 Thou, cover'd with his bait, a hook shalt swallow
 To rend thy entrails: and thine ignorance
 Shall also for that mischief him advance.

But if that any lover of thy weal,
 Inspir'd with truth, and with an honest zeal,
 Shall tell thee ought pertaining to thy good,
 His *Messages* shall stiffly be withstood:
 That *Seer* shall charged not to see;
 His word shall sleighted as a Poucherd be:
 His life shall be traduced, to disgrace
 His counsels; or, his errant to debase:
 Instead of recompence, he shall be sure
 Imprisonments or threatnings to procure:
 And peradventure (as those Prophets were,
 Who did among the Jewish Peers declare

Their

Their States enormities his good intention,
May be so wrong'd, that he, by some invention,
May lose his life, with publike shame and hate,
As one that is a troubler of the State.

But not unless the *Priest*, thereto consent :
For in those dayes shal few men innocent
Be griev'd (through any quarter of the Land)
In which thy *Clergie* shall not have some hand.
If ever in the Fields (as God forbid)
The Blood of thine own *children* shall be shed
By civil discord, they shal blow the flame,
That will become thy ruine, and thy shame.
And thus it shall be kindled. When the times,
Are nigh at worle ; and thy increasing crimes
Almost compleat ; the Devil shal begin
To bring strange crotchets, and opinions in
Among thy *teachers*, which wil breed disunion,
And interrupt the visible communion
Of thy establish't *Church*. And, in the stead
Of zealous *Pastors*, (who Gods flock did feed)
There shal arise within thee, by degrees,
A *Clergie*, that shall more desire to fleece,
Then feed the flock. A *clergie* it shall be,
Divided In it self : and they shall thee
Divide among them , into several factions :
VVhich rend thee will, and fill thee with distractions :
They all in outward seeming shall pretend
Gods glory, and to have one pious end :
But, under colour of sincere devotion,
Their studie shal be temporal promotion :
VVhich wil among themselves strange quarrels make
VVherein thy other children shal partake.
As to the *Persons*, or the *cause*, they stand
Affected, even quite throughout the *Land*. j

Now

The Prophetical Trumpeter,

Now one great man among them gets the pow'r,
From all the rest, and like an Emperour,
Doth act his pleasure. And we know 'tis common
To have some foolish Favorite or woman,
To govern him, so in a pop'lar State,
Affairs are manag'd by the self same fate;
And either one or more away do steal
The peoples hearts, and tway the Commonweale.
Thus God is pleas'd to humble and to raise:
Thus he by severall names, and severall waies,
The world doth govern. Yea thus ev'n in one nation,
And in one State, he makes much alteration
In forms of Government: of changing that
Which is but accidentall to a State.
And such his Justice, and his Wisdome is,
That he preserveth by the means of this,
Those things which do essentially pertain
To that great power which over all doth reign.
Nor is he pleased thus it should be done
In States that meerly civil are alone;
But also in the Churches Governments,
Allows the change of outward accidents.
Yea, they to whom he gives the oversights
Of some particular Church, may change old Rites,
The Customes, Forms, or titles as occasions
Are offered them; or as the times, or Nations,
Require a change: provided so, that they
Take nothing which essential is away;
Nor add what shall repugne or prejudice
Gods Laws, his prophets, or the liberties
Of them that are his people. For, in what
Hath any Church a pow'r, if not in that
Which is indifferent? Or, in what I pray
Will men the Church authority obey,

If not in such like things? Or who should be
The Judge what is indifferent, if not she?
A private Spirit knows what best agrees
With his own fancy, but the Church best sees,
What fits the Congregation. For; what gives,
Offence to one, another man receives
Much Comfort; and his Conscience edifies.
By disciplines which many do despise,
There is I know, a middle-way that lies
Ev'n just betwixt the two extremities,
Which to sedition, and to faction tend.
To find which tract, my whole desire I bend;
And wish it follow'd more. For, if we tread
That harmles path, we cannot be misled;
Nor sham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man
I faine would give his due; and all I can
I do endeavour it. I would not wrong
My Countrey; neither take what doth belong
To *Cesar*: nor infringe, or prejudice,
The Universall Churches liberties;
Nor for her outward discipline prefer
Or censure any Church paticular,
Or any State, but as besit it may,
His Muse, which nought but needfull truths doth say.
Nor have I any purpose to withdraw
Obedience, or respect from any Law
Thats positive, or to dishearten from
Those Customes, which a Christian state become.
Nor have I any thought to scandalize,
Or speak amiss of Principalities;
Or, to traduce mens persons: but, I fall
On errors of mens lives in generall,
And, on those great abuses, which I see
To blemish ev'ry calling and degree.

Of Dignities and Persons, I observe,
 All means I can, their honours to preserve,
 VVhen I reprove their faults. And ev'n as he
 That hunteth Foxes, where Lambs feeding be;
 May fright that harmles flock, and suffer blame
 Of some By-standers, (knowing not his Game)
 VVhen from his Dogs, those innocents are free,
 And none but their devourers bitten be.
 So, though my reprehensions, often are
 Mistook by toolish Readers; they are far
 From reprehending those, or taxing that
 VVhich is unfitting for my shooting at.
 I speak those things which wil advantage rather
 Then harm: and hence this blinded age may gather
 Much light. VVhich little volume doth relate
 No: ght else but what is like to be our fate,
 If sin increase; and what in former times
 Did fall on other Nations for their crimes.
 I utter what our welfare may increase,
 And help confirm us in a happy peace;
 VVhich they wil never compass, who pursue
 To speak what's pleasing, rather than what's true,
 How ever, here my thoughts deliver'd be:
 Let God, as he shal please, deliver me.
 And if what here is mention'd, thou dost heed
 (*Oh Britain!*) in those times that shall succeed,
 It may prevent much loss, and make thee shun
 Those mischiefs, whereby Kingdoms are undone.
 But to thy other sins if thou shalt add
 Rebellions (as false Prophets wil perswade)
 VVhich likely are to follow, when thou shalt
 In thy profession of Religion halt:
 Then wil thy Priests and People scourge each other,
 their offences, til both fall together:

Byweakning of your pow'rs to make them way,
VWho seeek and look for that unhappy day:

Then shall disorder ev'ry where abound
And neither just nor pious man be found.
The best shall be a bryar or a thorn,
By whom their neighbors shall be scratcht and torn.
Thy Prophets shal to nothing condescend
For any merit, just, or pious end;
But either for encreasing of their treasure,
Or, for accomplishing their wilful, pleasure:
And unto what they sel or daine for need;
There shall be given little trust or heed.
For that which by their words confirm they shall,
(The Royal Seals uniting therewithal)
A toy shall frustrate; and a gift shall make
Their strickest Orders no effect to take.

The judge, without a bribe, no cause shall end:
No man shall trust his brother, or his friend:
The Parents and the children shall despise
And hate, and spoyle each other, she that lies
VWithin her husbands bosome, shall betray him:
They who thy people should protect, shall slay them,
The aged shall regarded be of none:
The poor shall by the rich be trodden on:
Such grievous insolencies, every where
Shall acted be, that good and bad shall fear
In thee to dwel; and men discreet shal hate
To be a *Ruler*, or a *Magistrate*.

VWhen they behold (without impenitence)
So much injustice, and such violence.

And when thy wickedness this height shal gain,
To which (no doubt) it wil ere long attain,
If thou proceed: then from the bow that's bent
And halfe way drawn already, shal be sent

A mortal arrow, and it pierce thee shal
Quite through the head, the Liver, and the Gall.

The Lord shall call, and whistle from afarre,
For those thy enemies that fiercest are :
For those thou fearest most ; and they shall from
Their Countreys, like a whirlwind hither come,
They shall not sleep, nor slumber, nor untie
Their garments till within thy field they lye,
Sharp shall their arrows be, and strong their bow,
Their faces shall as full of honor show
As doth a Lions. Like a bolt of thunder
Their troops of horse shall come and tread thee under
Their iron feet: thy Foes shall eat thy bread.
And with thy flocks both clothed be and fed.
Thy dwellers, they shall carry from their own,
To Countries which their fathers have not known,
And thither shall such mischiefs them pursue,
That they who seek the pit-fall to elchew,
Shall in a snare be taken. If they shall
Escape the sword, a Serpent in the wall
To death shall sting them : yea, (although they hap
To shun a hundred plagues) they shall not escape ;
But, with new dangers, stil be chac'd about,
Until that they are wholly rooted out.

The *Plowman* then shall be afraid to sowe,
Artificers their labour shall forgoe ;
The *Merchant* man shall cross the Seas no more,
(Except to fly, and seek some other Shore)
Thy ablest men shall faint : thy wise-ones then,
Shall know themselves to be but foolish men.
And they who built and planted by oppression,
Shall leave their gettings to the foes possession.
Yea, God wil scourge thee, *England*, seven times more
With seven times greater *Plagues* than heretofore :

Then

Then, thy *allies* their friendship shal withdraw;
And, they that of thy greatness stand in awe,
Shal say in scorn, Is this the valiant Nation,
That had throughout the world such reputation
By victories upon the shore? are these
That people which was Master of the Seas,
And grew so mighty? yea, that petty Nation
That were not worthy of thy indignation,
Shal mock thee too; and all thy former fame
Forgot shall be, or mentioned to thy shame.
Mark how Gods plagues were doubled on the Jews,
When they his mild corrections did abuse:
Mark what at last upon their land he sent:
And, look thou for the self-same punishment,
If them thou imitatest. For their sin
At first, but eight yeers bondage they were in.
Their wickedness grew more, and God did then,
To *Eglon* make them slaves eight yeers and ten,
They disobeying still, the God of heaven,
Their year of *Servitude* were twenty seven,
To *Iabin* and to *Midian*: then prevailed
Philistia forty yeers; and when that failed,
To make them of their evil wayes repent,
There was among themselves a fatal rent;
And, they oft scourg'd each other. Still they trod
The self-same path; and then the hand of God
Brought *Ashur* on them; and did make them beare
His heavy yoke untill the seventeenth yeer.
And last of all the *Roman* Empire came,
Which from their Countrey rooted out their name,
That foolish project which they did imbrace,
To keep them in possession of their place,
Did loose it: and, like *Cain*, that vagrant nation,
Hath now remain'd in fearful desolation.

Nigh sixteen hundred years; and whatsoere
 Some lately dream, in vain they look for here
 A temp'ral Kingdome. For, as long ago
 Their Plalmist said, *No Prophet doth foreshow*
This thraldomes end. Nor shall it end until
 The Gentiles their just number do fulfil:
 Which is unlike to be until that hour,
 In which there shall be no more temporall pow'r,
 Or temporall Kingdome; therefore gather them
 (Oh Lord!) unto thy new Jerusalem,
 In thy due time. For, yet unto that place
 They have a promist right, by thy meere grace,
 To those who shal repent, thy firm Election
 Continues in this temporall rejection.
 Oh! shew thy mercy in their desolation,
 That thou maist honor'd be in their salvation.
 Yea, reach us also, by their fearfull fall,
 To hearken to thy voice, when thou dost call;
 (Lest thou in anger unto us protest,
 That we shall never come into thy rest.)
 For we have follow'd them in all their sin;
 Such, and so many, have our warnings bin:
 And if thou stil prolong not thy compassion,
 To us belongs the selfe-same desolation.
 And it wil shortly come, with all those terrors
 That we on them inflicted, for their errors.
 Then we shall be to them that heretofore
 By joyning house to house expell'd the poor;
 And field have into field incorporated,
 Until their town-ship were depopulated.
 For desolate their dwelling shall be made:
 Ev'n in their blood the Lord shall bathe his blade:
 And they that have by avarice and wiles,
 Erected Pallaces and costly piles;

Shall

Shal think the stones and timbers in the wall,
Aloud to God, for vengeance on them call.

Then wo shal be to them who early rise
To eat and drink, and play, and wantonize;
Stil adding sin to sin, for, they the pain
Of cold, and thirst, and hunger, shal sustain;
And be the servile slaves of them that are
Their foes, as to their lusts they captives were.

Then wo to them who darkness more have lov'd
Then light, and good advice have disapprov'd:
For they shal wander in a crooked path,
Which neither light, nor end, nor comfort hath.
And when for guides and Counsel they do cry,
Not one shal pittie them who passeth by.

Then wo to them that have corrupted bin,
To justifie the wicked in his sin:
Or for a bribe; the righteous to condemn:
For flames (as on the chaff) shal seize on them:
Their bodies to the dunghill shal be cast:
Their flowre shal turn to dust; their stock shal wast,
And all the Glorious titles they have worn,
Shal but increase their infamy and scorn,
Then wo to them that have been rais'd aloft
By good mens ruines, and by laying soft
And easie pillows, under great mens arms,
To make them pleas'd in their alluring charms.

Then wo to them who being grown afraid
Of some nigh peril, sought unlawful aid;
And settings Gods protection quite aside,
Upon their own inventions have rely'd.
For God their foolish hopes wil bring to nought;
On them, their feared mischief shal be brought;
And all their wit and strength, shal not suffice,
To have their sorrow of, which on them lies.

Yea, then, Oh Britain! woe to ev'ry one,
 That hath without repentance evil done:
 For, those who do not heed, nor bear in mind
 His visitings, Gods reaching hand will find;
 And they with howling cryes and lamentation,
 Shal sue and seek, in vain, for his compassion.
 Because they careless of his mercies were,
 Til in consuming wrath he did appear.
 But stil we set far off that evil day,
 In dul security we pass away
 Our precious time; and with vain hopes and toys,
 Build up a trust which ev'ry puffe destroys.
 And therefore stil when healing is expected,
 New and unlookt for troubles are effected.

We gather armies and we Fleets prepare:
 And then both strong and safe we think we are.
 But when we look for victories and glory,
 What follows, but events that make us sorry?
 And 'tis Gods *mercie* th at we turn our faces
 With so few losses, and no more disgraces.
 For what are most of those whom we commend
 Such actions to; and whom we forth do send
 To fights those battels, which the Lords we call,
 But, such as never fight for him at all?
 Whom dost thou make thy Captains, and dispose
 Such offices unto, but unto those
 (Some few excepted) who procure by friends,
 Command and pay, to serve their private ends?

This Iland hath some sense of what she ayles,
 And very much, this evil times bewailes:
 But not our sins do we so much lament,
 Or mourn, that God for them is discontent,
 As that the plagues, they being disturb our pleasures
 Encrease our dangers and exhaust our treasures.

And for these causes, now and then we fast,
And pray, as long as halfe a day doth last,
For if the Sun do but a little clear
That Cloud, from which a tempest we do fear,
What kinde of grief we took we plainly shew
By those rejoycings which thereon ensue:
For in the stead of such due thankfulness,
As Christian zeal obligeth to express;
To pleasure (not to God) we sacrifice;
Renew our sins, revive our vanities;
And all our vowed gratitude expires,
In games, in guns, in bells, in health, or Fires.
We faine would be at peace: but few men go
That way, as yet, whereby it may be so.
We have not that humility which must
Effect it: we are false, and cannot trust
Each other; no nor God with true confessions:
Which shews that we abhor not our transgressions.
It proves, that of our errors, we in heart
Repent not, neither purpose to depart
From any folly, For all they that are
Sincerely penitent, do nothing fear
So much as their own guilt; nor seek to gain
Ought more, than to be reconcil'd again.
And they that are thus minded, never can
Be long unreconcil'd to God, or man.

When we should stoop, we most our selves exalt,
And though we be, would not be thought in fault.
Nay, though we faulty be, and thought and known,
And proved so, and see that we are thrown
By our apparent errors into straits,
From which we cannot get by all our sleights.
Yet til our selves we vaunt and justifie,
And struggle, til the snare we faster tie.

We sin, and we to boast it have no shame,
 Yet storm when others do our follies name:
 And rather then wee wil so much as say
 We did amiss (though that might wipe away
 The stain of all) I think that some of us
 So wilful are, so proud, and mischievous,
 That we our selves, would run, and our Nation,
 To keep our shadow of a Reputation.

Oh! if we are thus head-strong, 'tis unlike
 We any part of our proud sailes wil strike
 Til they have sunk our vessel in the sea,
 Or by the furious winds are torn away.

'Twere better, tho, we did confess our wound,
 Than hide it til our state grew more unsound.

'Twere better we some wealth or office lost,
 Then keep them, til our lives, and all it cost:
 And therefore, let us wisely be advised,
 Before we by a tempest be surprised.

Down first with our *top-gallants*, and our *Flags*;
In storms the skilfullst Pilots make no brags.

Let us (if that be not enough) let fall
 Our *Misneyard*, and strike our top-sailes all.

If this we find be not enough to do,
 Strike *Fore-saile*, *Sprit-saile*, yea and *Main-saile* too.

And, rather then our Ship should sink or rend:
 Let's over-board, goods, mast, and rancelling send.

Save but the *Hul* the Master, and the men;
 And we may live to scour the seas agen.

Believe it England, howsoever some
 Who should foresee thy plagues before they come,
 Endeavour to perswade thee that thou hast
 A hopeful time, and that the worst is past.
 Yet I dare boldly tel thee, thou hast nigh
 Worn out Gods patience by impiety.

And,

And that unless the same we do renew
By penitence our folly we shall rue.

But what am I, that me thou should'st believe?
Or unto what I tel, credit give? *these*

It may be this adultrous Generation
Expecteth tokens of her desolation;
And therefore I wil give them signes of that
Which they are now almost arrived at.

Nor signes, so mylticall as most of those
Which did the ruine of the Jews disclose;
But *signs* as evident as are the day. *signes*
For know ye Brittaines, that what God did say
Ieruselems destruction should foreshew,
He spake to ev'ry State that should ensue.
And that he nought of her or to her spake,
For hers alone, but also for our sake.

One sign that Gods long-suffering we have tyred,
And that his patience is almost expired,
Is that, that many judgments he hath sent,
And stil remov'd them e're we did repent.
For God (ev'n by his holiness) did sweare,
(Saith *Amos*) such a Nation he wil tear
With bryars, and with Fish-hooks rend away
The whole posterity of such as they.

Clean teeth (saith God) I gave them; and with bread
In many places, them I scanty fed;
And yet they sought me not: then I restrained
The dew of heaven, upon this field I rained,
And not on that; yea, to one City came
Some two or three, to quench their thirsty flame;
Yet to return to me no care they took;
With blasings then, and Meldews I them strook;
And mixt amongst their fruits the Palmer-worm
Yet they their lives did not a jot reform.

Then did I send the Pestilence (said he)
 Devoured, by the sword, their young men be;
 Their Horse are slain, and up to Heaven ascends
 Their stink; yet I discover no amends.

The self same things thy God in thee hath done,
 Oh England! yet, here follows thereupon
 So small amendment, that they are a sign
 To thee, and their sharp Judgement wil be thine.

The second token which doth fore-declare
 When Cities, States, and Realms, declining are,
 Ev'n Christ himself hath left us; for, (saith he)
 When Desolation sha ll approaching be,
 Of wars, and warlike rumors ye shal hear;
 Rare signes and tokens wil in heaven appear;
 Down from the Firmament the stars shal fall;
 The hearts of many men, then, fail them shal;
 There wil be many scandals and offences;
 Great Earthquakes, Schismes, Dearth, and Pestilences,
 Realm, Realm, and Nation, Nation, shal oppose;
 The nearest friends shal be the greatest foes,
 Against the Church shal many tyrannize;
 Deceivers, and false Prophets, shal arise;
 In ev'ry place shal wickedness abound;
 And charity shal very cold be found.

This Christ himself did Prophecy; and we
 Are doubtless blind, unless confest it be,
 That at this hour, upon this Kingdome here,
 These marks of desolation viewed are.

How often have we seen prodigious lights,
 O'respread the face of heav'n in moonless nights?
 How many dreadfull Meteors, have there been
 In this our Climate, lately heard and seen?
 Who knoweth not that but a while ago
 A great Eelipse did threat, if not foreshow

Gods Judgements? In what age, to fore did hear
So many, who did Saints and Stars appear,
Fall (as it were) from heav'n? Or who hath heard
Of greater earthquakes, than hath lately scar'd
These quarters of the world? How oft, the touch,
Of famine have we had? But, when so much
Devoured by the *Pestilence* were we,
As in this present year our folks shall be,
Of wars, and martial rumors, never more
Were heard within these confines heretofore;
When were all Kingdomes, and all Nations through
The world, so opposite as they are now?
I've been in no Countrey, whether nigh or far, *place*
But is engag'd or threatned with some war.
All places, either present woes bewaile;
Or else things feared make mens hearts to faile.
False Prophets, and Deceivers we have many;
We scarcely find integrity in any:
The name of Christ begins in ev'ry place
To suffer persecution and disgrace;
And we the greatest jeopardies are in,
Among our neighbors, and our nearest kin,
Strange heresies do ev'ry where encrease,
Disturbing *Sion*, and exiling peace.
Impiety doth multiply. True love
Grows cold. And if these tokens do not prove
Our fall draws on, unless we do amend?
I know not when our folly shall have end.
A third apparent sign which doth declare
VVhen some devouring plague approacheth neer,
Is when a Nation doth anew begin
To let Idolatry to enter in:
And openly or secretly give place
To heresie where truth establiht was:

Or, when like *Ieroboam* to possess
 An outward profit, or a temporal peace,
 They either change *Religions*, or devise
 A worship which doth mix *Idolatries*
 With truth. For this, ev'n for this very crime,
 The King of *Ashur*, in *Hosea's* time
 Led *Israel* captive. And, both from the sight
 Of God, and from the house of *David* quite
 They were cut off for ever, and did neither
 Serve God nor *Idols*; but ev'n both together;
 In such a mixt *Religion* as is that
 Which some among us, now have aimed at.

Mark *England*, and I prethee mark it well,
 If this offence which ruin'd *Israel*,
 On thee appear not: and if so it be,
 Amend, or look for what it threatens thee.

The fourth true *token*, which doth fore-express
 The ruine of a Land for wickedness,
 Is when the Priests and Magistrates begin,
 To grow extremely impudent in sin.
 This Sign the Prophet *Micah* giveth us;
 And he (not I) to you cries loudly thus:
Heare, O ye house of Iacob, and all yee
That Princes of the house of Israel bee:
Ye Iustice hate, and ye pervert what's good;
Ye build the walls of Sion up with blood;
Ierusalem with sin, ye up have rear'd,
Your Iudges pass their censures for reward;
Your Priests do preach for hire, your Prophets do
Like them; and prophecy for money too.
And, for this cause shall Sion mount (saith he)
Ev'n like a plowed field become to be;
And like a Forrest hill where bushes grow,
The Citie of Ierusalem shall show.

Change but the names, oh *Britain* ! and that token
Of delolation unto thee is spoken.

For, what this day thy Priests and Prophets are,
Their actions and the peoples cries declare.

A fifth sure evidence, that the cause, for which God
Thy ruins wil entomb thy fame ere long (among
(If thou repent not) is this, that thou
Dost ev'ry day the more ungodly grow,
By how much more the blessed means of grace
Doth multiply it self in ev'ry place.

God sends unto thee many learned Preachers
Apostles, Pastors, and all kind of teachers ;

His Visions and his Prophecies upon thee

He multiplies : and (that he might have mon thee
To more sincerity) on all occasions

By counsel, by entreaty, and perswasions,

He hath advis'd, allured and besought thee,

With precept upon precept he hath taught thee ;

By line on line, by miracle, by reason,

In ev'ry place, in season, out of season ;

By little and by little, and by much

Sometime at once : Yet is thy nature such,

That still thou waxest worse ; and in the room

Of pleasant Grapes, more thistles daily come :

And thou that art so haughty, and so proud,

For this, shalt vanish like an empty cloud ;

And, as a Lion, Leopard, or a Beare,

Thy God, for this, shall thee in pieces teare.

If thou suppose my muse did this devise,

Go take it from *Hosea's* prophecies.

The six undoubted signal when the last
Good days of sinful *Realms* are almost past,
Is when the people neer to God shal draw
In word, to make profession of his Law :

And

And by their tongues his praises forth declare!
 Yet in their hearts from him continue far,
 To such a Land, their destiny displays
 Isaiab: for even thus the Prophet sayes:
 God wil produce a ~~marvel~~ in that state
 And do a work that men shall wonder at;
 The ~~wis~~ dome of their wisest Counsellor,
 Shal perish, and their prudent men shal erre.
 On their deep Counsels, sorrow shal attend;
 Their secret plots shal have a dismall end;
 Their giddy projects which they have devised,
 Shal as the Potters Clay be quite dispised.
 Like Carmel, Lebanon, shal seem, and he
 Like Lebanon, shal make mount Carmel be.
 Their pleasant Fields like desarts shal appear;
 And there shal Gardens be, where desarts are.

God keep (thou Brittish Ile) this plagne from thee
 For signes thereof upon thy body be.
 Thou of the purest worship mak'st profession;
 Yet, waxest more impure in thy condition.
 Thou boastest of the knowledge of Gods word,
 Yet thereunto in manners to accord
 Thou dost refuse. Thou makest protestation
 Of pietie; yet hatest reformation.
 Yea when when thy tongue doth sing of praise divine,
 Thy heart doth plot some temporall designe.
 And some of those, who in this wise are Holy,
 Beginto shew their wisdoms wil be folly.
 For when from sight their snares they deepest hide,
 By God almighties eyes they are eiepy'd.

The seventh symptome of a dreadful blow,
 If not of a perpetual overthrow,
 Is when a slumbring spirit doth surprize
 A Nation, and hath closed up their eys:

Sounding an allarm to Britain.

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Or when the *Prophets* and the *Seers* are
So clouded, that plain *truths* do not appear:
Or when the *Visions* evidently seen
Are pass'd by, as if they had not been:
Or when to *Nations* who can read, God gives
His *Book*; and thereof doth unseal the *leaves*,
And bids them read the same, which they to do
Deny, or plead unableness thereto.
Black *signes* are these. For if that book to them,
Still dark; or as a *Book* unsealed seem;
Or, if they heed no more what here is said,
Then they that have the *Book* and cannot read;
The *Judgements* last repeated, are the doom,
That shall on such a stupid *Nation* come.

This *signe* is come on us, for, lo, unsealed
Gods *Book* is now amongst us, and revealed
Are all the *Mysteries* which do concern
The children of this present age to learn.
So wel hath hath he instructed this our *Land*,
That we not only read, but understand
The secrets of his Word. The *Prophecies*
Of his chiefe *Seers*, are before our eyes,
Unveiled: true interpretations
Are made, and many proper applications
Ev'n to our selves, yet is our heart so blind,
That what we know and see we do not mind.
We hear and speak, and much adoe we keep,
But we as senseless are as men asleep.
What then we do. Yea, while that we are talking.
What snares are in the way where we are walking,
We heed not what we say, but pass along;
And, many times, are fast insnar'd among
Those mischiefs, and those faults we did condemn,
Before our tongues have left to mention them.

For

For our neglect of God in former times,
 (Or for some present unrepented crimes)
 A slumbring Spirit so possesseth us,
 That our estate is wondrous dangerous.
 We see and hear, and tel to one another
 Our perils, yet we headlong hast together
 To wilful ruine, and are grown so mad,
 That when our friends a better course perswade,
 Or seek to stop us (when they see we run
 That way in which we cannot ruine shun)
 We persecute those men with all our soul,
 That we may damn our selves without controul.

The eight plain sign, by which I understand
 That some devouring mischiefes are at hand,
 Is that maliciounes which I do see
 Among professors of one Faith to be.
 We have but one *Father and one Mother*,
 Do persecute and torture one another.
 So hotly we oppose not antichrist,
 As we our fellow Brethren do resist.
 The Protestant, the Protestant despise;
 And we our selves, our selves do scandalize.
 Our Church we have exposed to more scorn;
 And her fair seamless Vestment rent, and torn,
 By our own fury, more than by their spight
 Who are to us directly opposite,
 To save an apple we the tree destroy,
 And quarrels make for ev'ry needless toy,
 From us if any brother differ shall
 But in a crotchet, we upon him fall
 As eagerly, and with as bitter hate,
 As if we knew him for a Reprobate.
 And what ever all this doth signifie,
 Saint *Paul* (by way of caveat) doth imply.

*Take heed (saith he) lest while ye bite each other,
You of your selves, consumed be together.*

Another sign, which causeth me to fear,
That our confusion is approaching neer,
Are those divisions, which I have espide
In Church and Common-wealth, this present tide.
We cannot hide these rents; for they do gape
So wide, that some their jaws can hardly scape.
Would God, the way to close them up we knew,
Else what they threaten time wil shortly shew;
For, all men know, a City or a Land,
Within it self divided, cannot stand.

The last black Sign that here I wil repeat,
(Which doth to Kingdomes desolation threat)
Is when the hand of God almighty brings;
The People into bondage to their Kings.
I say, when their own Judges shall take delight,
Those whom he should protect, to rob, and smite.
When they who fed the Sheep, the Sheep shal kil,
And eat them; and suppose they do il.
When God gives up a Nation unto those
That are their neighbors, that they may, as foes,
Devour them. When (Oh England!) thou shalt see
This come to pass, a sign it is to thee
That God is angry, and a certain token
That into pieces thou shalt quite be broken:
If not by forraine strength: by force at home;
And that thy greater torment wil become.

This vengeance, and this fearful preparation,
Of bringing ruine on a sinful nation,
If they remain impenitent the Lord
Doth menace; and by Zachary record,
To make us wise. Oh! let us therefore learn,
What now is comming on us to discern.

For, (wel considered, if all things were)
From this *captivity*, we seem not far.

It now already seems to be projected;

Nay, little wants of being quite effected.

But, if God should from us, as God forbid,

Take him, as once he good *Iosiah* did,

He also wil (unless we mend) perchance,

In times to come, a *Shepherd* here advance,

Who shal not plead for what his *Young men* say

Is just; but take the same, perforce, away.

An Idol *Shepherd*, who shal neither care

To find or seek for those that starved are;

Nor guard the *Lambs*; nor cure what hath a wound;

Nor cherish those that firm to him are found;

But take the fat, and rob them of their fleeces

And eat their flesh, and break their bones in pieces.

More signes I might, as yet, commemorate,

To shew Gods patience is nigh out of date.

But these are signes enough, and so apparent,

That twenty more wil give no better warrant

To what I speak. Yet, if these false appear,

That's one signe more, our *fall* approacheth neere.

Be mindful, therefore, while it is to *Day*;

And let no good occasion slip away.

Now rend your hearts, ye *Britaines*, wash & rinse them

From all corruption, from all evil cleanse them.

Go offer up the pleasing sacrifice

Of *Righteousness*, from folly turn your eyes,

Seek peace, and tollow it, with strict pursuit:

Relieve the needy, Judgment execute;

Refresh the weary, right the fatherless:

The strangers, and the widows wants redress:

Give praise to God, depend with lowly faith,

On him, and what is holy Spirit saith:

Remember what a price thy ransome cost;
And now redeme the time that thou hast lost.

Return, return thou (oh back-sliding Nation)
And let thy tears prevent thy desolation.
As yet, thou maist return: for, Gods embrace
Is open for thee, if thou hast the grace,
To give it meeting. Yet, repentance may
Prevent the mischiefs of that evil day,
Which here is menac'd: yet, thou maist have peace,
And by discreet endeavouring, encrease
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,
Which wil additions to thy comfort bring.

If this thou do; these fearful threatnings all,
(Repeated here) to mercies change he shall.
We cannot say, it wil excuse thee from
All chastisement, or that no blow shall come.
For, peradventure, thou so long hast bin
Unpenitent, that some loud crying sin
Hath wak'd that Vengeance, which upon thy crimes
Must fall (as once in *Jeremiahs* times)
VVithout prevention; to exemplifie
Gods hate of sin to all posterity.
But, sure we are, that if he doth not stay
His threatned hand, the stroke that he doth lay
VVil fall the lighter; and become a blessing,
Thy future joyes, and vertues more encreasing,
Than all that large prosperity and rest.
VVhich thou, so long together hast posscest.
God (with a writers Ink-horn) one hath sent,
To set a mark on them that shal repent;
And bids him promise in his Name, that they
VVho shall, recanting, leave their evil way,
And in their hearts, bewaile the grievous crimes,
And miseries of *Sion*, in their times,

That they shal be leure and saved from
 The hand of these destroyers which must come:
 Or else by their destruction find a way
 To that repairing which wil ne're decay.
 Yea, thou, oh *Britaine*! if thou couldst reform
 Thy manners, might it expel the dreadful storm
 Now threatned; and thy foes (who triumph would
 The ruine of thy glory to behold,
 And jeere thee when thou failest) soon shal see
 Thy God returning and avenging thee
 On their insultings: yea, with angry blows
 He would effect their shameful overthrowes.
 Or turn their hearts. For when from sin men cease,
 God makes their enemies and them at peace.
 Moreover thou shalt have in thy possesing,
 Each inward grace, and ev'ry outward blessing;
 Thy fruitful Herds shal in rich pastures feed;
 Thy soyle shall plenteously encrease thy seed;
 Thy Flock, shal neither Shepheards want, nor meat;
 Clean provander, thy stabled beast shal eat;
 There shall be Rivers in thy Dales, and Fountains
 Upon the tops of all thy noblest Mountains:
 The *Moon* shal cast upon thee beams as bright
 As now the Sun, and with a sevenfold light
 The Sun shal blest thee. He that Rules in thee,
 To all his people reconcil'd shal be;
 And they shal find themselves no whit deceived,
 In those good hopes wch are of him conceived;
 But he, (and they, who shall his throne possess
 When he is gone) shal reign in righteousness;
 And be more caretul of thy weal by far,
 Than Parents of their childrens profits are.
 Thy Magistrates, with wisdom shal proceed
 In all that shall be counsell'd or decreed.

As Harbours, when it blows tempestuously;
 As Rivers into places over-dry;
 As Shadows are to men opprest with heat;
 As to a hungry Stomack wholesome meat;
 To thee so welcom, and as much contenting,
 Thy Nobles wil becom, on thy repenting.
 Thy Priests shal preach true doctrines in thy temples,
 And make it fruitful by their good examples.
 Thy God with righteousness shal them array,
 And hear and answer them, when they do pray.
 Thy eyes that yet are blinded, shal be clear;
 Thy ears, that ~~then~~ are deafned, then shal hear; *12078*
 Thy tongue, that stammers now, shal then speak plain;
 Thy heart shal perfect understanding gain;
 The preaching of the Gospel shal encrease;
 Thy God shal make thy comforts and thy peace,
 To flow as doth a River; they who plant,
 The blessing of their labor shal not want;
 Thy poorest people shal at ful be fed;
 The meek shal of no tyrant stand in dread;
 Thou shalt have grace and knowledg, to avoid
 Those things whereby the rest may be annoid;
 Thou shalt possess thy wished blessings all;
 And God shal hear the still before thou call.

But as a Chime, whose frets disordered grow,
 Can never cause it self in tune to go,
 Nor chime at all, until some cunning hand
 Doth make the same again in order stand:
 Or, as the Clock, whose plummets are not weight,
 Strikes sometimes one for three, and six for eight;
 So fareth it with men and kingdomes all,
 When once from their integrity they fall.
 They may their motion hurry out of frame,
 But have no power to rectifie the same.

That curious hand which first those pieces wrought,
Must mend them stil, or they wil stil be nought.

To thee I therefore now my speech conv ert,
Thou Famous Artist, who Creator art
Of heav'n and earth, and of those goodly spheares,
Th at now have whirled many thousand yeeres.
(And shall until thy pleasure gives it ending)
In their perpetual motion without mending.
Oh! be thou pleased, by thy pow'rful hand,
To set in order this depraved Land. ✓

Our whole foundation, Lord, is out of course;
And ev'ry thing stil groweth worse and worse,
The way that leads quite from thee, we have tooke
Thy Covenant, and all thy Lawes are broke;
In mischiefs, and in folly, is our pleasure;
Our crying sins have almo't fill'd their measure;
Yet, ev'ry day we had a new tran'gression
And stil abuse thy favour and compassion.

Our governour, our Prelates, and our Nobles,
Have by their sins encrease, encreast our troubles.
Our Priests, and all the people, have misgone;
All kind of evil deeds, we all have done.
VVe have not lived as those means of grace
Require, which thou hast granted to this place:
But rather worse than many who have had
Less helps than we, of being better made.
No Nation under heav'n so lew'd hath bin,
That had so many warnings for their sin,
And such perpetuall callings on, as we,
To leave our wickedness, and turn to thee.
Yet, we instead of turning, furth'e went;
And when thy Mercies and thy Plagues were sent
To pul us back; they seldome wrought our fray,
Or moved to repentance one whole day.

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

No blessing, no affliction, hath a power,
To move compunction in us, for one hour,
Unless thou work it. All that I can speak
And all that I have spoken, til thou breake
And mollifie the heart, wil fruitless be,
Not onely in my hearers, but in me.
If thou prepare not way for more esteeme,
All these Remembrances, wil foolish seeme,
Nay these, in stead of moving to repent,
Vvil indignation move, and discontent;
Which wil mens hardned hearts obdurate more,
And make their fault much greater then before.

Unless thou give a blessing, I may strive
As wel to make a marble stone alive,
As to effect my purpose: yea, all this,
Like wholsome counsel to a mad man is,
And I for my good meaning shall be torn
In pieces, or exposed be to scorn,
For they against thy word do stop their ear,
And wild in disobedience, wil not hear.

In this, we all confess our selves to blame,
And that we theretore have deserved shame.
Yea Lord, we do acknowledg, that for this,
There nothing else to us pertaining is,
(Respecting our own worth) but desolation,
And finall rooting out, without compassion.

But gracious God, though such our merit be,
Yet mercy stil pertaineth unto thee.
To thee the act of pard'ning and forgiving,]
As much belongs (oh Father everliving)
As plagues to us: and it were better far
Our sins had less than their deservings are,
Then that thy Clemency should be out-gone;
By all the wickedness that can be done.

As wel as theirs whose lives now left them have,
 Thou canst command those bodies from the grave,
 Who stink, and putrifie, and buried be
 In their corruption. Such, oh Sord! are we.
 Oh! call us from this grave, and shew thy pow'r
 Upon this much polluted Land of our,
 Forgive us all our slips, our negligences,
 Our sins of knowledge, and our ignorances;
 Our daring wickedness; our bloody crimes,
 And all the faults of past and present times.
 Permit not thy just wrath to burn for ever;
 In thy displeasure do not stil persever,
 But call us from that pit of Death, and Sin,
 And from that path of Hel which we are in.

Remember, that this Vinyard hath a Vine,
 VVhich had her planting by that hand of thine,
 Remember, when from Egypt thou remov'dst it,
 VVith what entire affection, then, thou lov'dst it.
 How thou didst weed and dress it herebefore,
 How thou didst fence it from the Forrest Bore,
 And think how sweet a vintage then it brought,
 VVhen thy first work upon them thou hadst wrought.

Remember, that without thy daily care,
 The choicest plants, soon wild and fruitless are;
 And that as long as thou dost prune and dress,
 The sowrest Vine shal bring a sweet encrease.

Remember, also Lord, how stil that Foe,
 VVho first pursued us, doth seek to sow
 His tares among thy wheat; and to his pow'r,
 Break down thy fence, and trample, and devour
 The seeds of grace, as soon as they do sprout;
 And is too strong for us to keep him out.
 Oh! let not him prevail, such harm to do us,
 As he desires, but Lord, return unto us.

Return in mercy: though thou find us slack
To come our selves, fetch, draw, and pul us back
From our own courses, by thy grace divine,
And set, and keep us, in each way of thine.

Vouchsafe that every one in his degree,
The secret error of his life may see,
And in his lawful calling all his dayes,
Perform his Christian duty to thy praise.
Give peace this troublous age; for perillous
The times are grown, and no man fights for us
But thou, oh God! nor do we seek or crave
That any other Champion we may have.
Nay, give us troubles, if thy wil be so,
That we may have thy strength to bear them too;
And in affliction thee more glorifie,
Then here heretofore in our prosperity.
For when thy countenance on us did shine,
Those Lands that boasted of their corn and wine,
Had not that joy which thou didst then inspire,
When we were boyled and fryde in blood and fire.

Oh! give us again that joy, although it cost us
Our lives. Restore thou what our sin hath lost us,
Thy Church in these Dominions, Lord preserve
In purity: and teach us thee to serve
In holiness and righteousness, until
We shal the number of our dayes fulfil,
Defend these Nations from all overthrowes,
By forraign enemies, or home-bred foes.
Our State with ev'ry grace and vertue bless,
Which may thine honor and its own increase.
Inflame our Nobles with more love and zeal,
To thy true Spouse, and to his Commonweale,
Inspire our Clergy in their severall places,
With knowledge, and all sanctifying graces;

That by their lives and Doctrines they may rear
 Those parts of *Sion* which decayed are.
 Awake this *Peopl*, give them souls that may
 Believe thy *VWord*, and thy *commands* obey.
 The *plagues* deserv'd already, save them from.
 More watchful make them, in all times to come.
 For blessings past, let hearty thanks be given,
 For present ones, let sacrifice to heav'n
 Be daily offered up. For what is needing
 (Or may be useful in the time succeeding)
 Let faithful Prayer to thy throne be sent,
 With heart and hands upright and innocent:
 And let all this the better furthered be,
 Through these Remembrances now brought by me,
 For which high favour, and imboldning thus
 My spirit, in a time so dangerous;
 For chusing me, that am so despicable,
 To be employed in this honorable
 And great imployment (which I more esteem,
 Than to be crowned with a Diadem)
 For thy enabling me in this Embassage;
 For bringing to conclusion this my Message;
 For sparing of my life, when thousands dy'd,
 Before, behind me, and on ev'ry side;
 For saving of me many a time since then,
 VWhen I had forfeited my soul agen;
 For all those griefs and poverties, by which
 I am in better things made great, and rich,
 Then all that wealth and honor brings man to,
 Wherewith the world doth keep so much ado:
 For all which thou to me on earth hast given;
 For all, which doth concern my hopes of heaven;
 For these and those innumerable graces,
 Vouchsafed me at, at sundry times and places,

Unthought upon, unfeigned praise I render:
And for a living sacrifice I tender
To thee (oh God) my body, soul, and all,
Which mine I may, by thy donation, call.

Accept it blessed Maker, for his sake
Who did this offering acceptable make
By giving up himself. Oh! look thou not
Upon those blemishes which I have got
By naturall corruption; or by those
Polluted acts which from that ulcer flows,
According to my skill, I have enroll'd
Thy Mercies; and thy Justice I have told.
I have not hid thy workings in my brest;
But as I could, their pow'r I have exprest.
Among our great assemblies, to declare
Thy wil and pleasure, lo, I do not fear:
And though by Princes I am checkt and blamed;
To speak the truth, I am no whit ashamed.
Oh! shew thou, Lord, thy mercy so to me,
And let thy love and truth, my guardians be.

Forgive me all the follies of my youth;
My faulty deeds; the errors of my mouth;
The wandrings of my heart, and ev'ry one
Of those good works that I have left undone.
Forgive me all wherein I did amiss,
Sincethou employ'dst me in performing this:
My doubting of thy calling me unto it,
My fears, which oft disheartned me to do it;
My sloth, my negligences, my evasions,
And my deferring it, on vain occasions,
VWhen I had vowed that no work of mine,
Should take me up, til I had finisht thine.

Lord, pardone this; and let no future sin,
Nor what already hath committed bin,

Prophane this Work, or cause the same to be
 The lesse effectual to this Land, or me.
 But to my self (Oh Lord) and others, let it
 So moving be, that we may ne're forget it.
 Let not the evil, nor the good effect
 It takes, or puff me up, or me deject:
 Or make me think that I the better am,
 Because I tel how others are to blame:
 But let it keep me in a Christian fear,
 Still humbly heedful what my actions are.
 Let all those observations I have had,
 Of others errors, be occasion made
 To minde me of mine own. And lest I erre,
 Let ev'ry man be my Remembrancer;
 With so much charity, as I have sought
 To bring their duties more into our thought.
 And if in any sin I linger long,
 Without repentance; Lord, let ev'ry tongue
 That names me, check me for it: and to me
 Become, what I to others fain would be.

Oh! Let me not be like those busie brooms,
 Which having cleansed many nasty rooms,
 Do make themselves the fouler: but sweet Father,
 Let me be like the precious Diamond rather,
 Which doth by polishing another stone,
 The better shape and lustre, set upon
 His own rough body. Let my life be such,
 As that mans ought to be, who knoweth much
 Of thy good pleasure. And most awful God,
 Let none of those who spread of me abroad
 Unjust reports, the Devils purpose gain,
 By making these my warnings prove in vain
 To those that heare them, but let such disgaces
 Reflect with shame, upon their authors faces,

Till

Til they repent. And let their scandall serve
Within my heart true meekness to preserve;
And that humility which else perchance,
Vain-glory, or some naturall arrogance
Might overthrow, if I should think upon
With carnal thoughts, some good my lines have done.
Restrain, moreover, them who out of pride,
Or ignorance, this Labour shal deride.
Make them perceive who, shal prefer a story,
Composed for some temporall friends glory,
Before those Poems which thy works declare,
That vain and witless their opinions are;
And if by thee I was appointed Lord,
Thy judgements and thy mercies to record,
As here I do, set thou thy mark on those,
Who shal despitefully the same oppose:
And let it pulikely be seen of all,
Til of their malice they repent them shall.

As I my conscience have discharged here,
Without concealing ought for love, or fear;
From furious men let me preserved be,
And from the scorn of fools deliver me
Vouchsafe at length some comforting reflection,
According to the years of my affliction.
On me, for good, some token please to show,
That they who see it, may thy bounty know;
Rejoyce, with fellow-feeling of the same,
And joyne with me, in praising of thy Name.
And least (oh Lord!) some weak ones may despise
My words because of such necessities
As they have brought upon me, by their spight,
Who to my studies have bin opposite;
Oh! give me that, which may sufficient be
To make them know, that I have served thee;

And

And that my labours are to be regarded,
Although they seem not outwardly rewarded.
These honours, or that wealth I do not crave,
Which they affect, who most endeavoured have
To please the world; I only ask to gain
But food and rayment, Lord, for all my pains,
And that the slanders and the poverities
Wherewith my patience thou shalt exercise,
Make not these Lines, or me become a scorn,
Nor leave me to the world-ward quite forlorn.

Yet in preferring of this humble suit,
I make not my request so absolute
As that I will capitate, or tie
To such conditions, thy dread Majesty;
For it to honour but an earthly prince,
My Muse had sung, it had been impudence
To prompt his bounty; or to doubt he might
Forget to do my honest Labours right.
Do therefore as thou pleasest: only give
Thy servant grace, contentedly to live,
And to be thankfull whatsoever shall
In this my weary Pilgrimage befall,
Such things thou dost command me to require
With earnest, and an absolute desire
With which I come: beseeching I may find
Thy love continue, though none else be kind
That blessedness eternall I may get,
Though all I loose on earth to compass it,
And that at last when my account is even,
My payment may be summon'd up in heaven:
Lord, this will please me, call me quickly thither,
And pay me there my wages altogether;
Not that which mine by merit seems to be,
But that which by thy meere grace is due to me.

A Cœlestial
V I S I O N
Of Future
E V E N T S.

IH' *Armi-potent, all-seeing, all-Creator,*
 Th'all-mighty *Artizan* of Earths *Thearer,*
 Having inclos'd in his un-clap'd book.
 When heaven and earth their first foundation tooke,
 And therein registred this firm *Conclusion,*
 An *Universall* end, and *all-Confusion*
 Of all the world, which when once discreated,
 Should be refin'd, renew'd and re-created,
 This great Decree wil doubtless ratifie,
 And for th'elects sake, doe t more speedily,
 As Sybels, Prophets, and Apostles wise,
 Yea, Christ himself did truly Prophetize.
 Then pallid Death, whose ash-pale face did fright
 The stoutest Champion, most un-daunted Sprite,
 Having at length with strength enough displaid,
 His all-triunphant trophies, having made
 A massacre and havock of all flesh,
 Thinking to Nimrodize it stil afresh,
 Like proud disdainfull *Pompey* at the last
 Shall meet our *Cæsar*, and at's feet shall cast
 The glory of his Mortall-wounding might,
 Shal lose his fatall sting which did so bite
 And pierce the Heart of every mortall creature,
 T'reduce to dust each wormlings dusty feature.

Death

Death being then *Mans* fatall final fo,
 Him, *Christ* victoriously shall overthrow,
 From forth his *claws* shal strongly wrest the conquest,
 And tel *all-felling* *Death* at's feet thus vanquisht,
 But as the *Corner-creeping thiefe* doth watch
 With iure advantage unawares to catch,
 The careless Servants left the House to keep,
 VVhom when he findeth snorting fast asleep,
 Suddainly sets upon them, thus doth prey
 On's hop't-for Booty, and then hasts away.
 Oras it rases in a faire Summer morning,
 VVhen the Great Light the azure skie's adorning,
 And new-now risen from th' Antipodes,
 His radiant rayes displaies the world to please:
 At whose sweet sight the pretty Lark doth rise,
 VVith warbling noats wav'ring i'th lofty Skies,
 Earth having op't her Shop of sweet perfumes
 Of fragrant flowres, herbs, plants, and pleasant blooms;
 T gentle wind fans coolness through the ayre,
 The Suns encreasing heat thus to impare;
 Each Creature much delighted at the heart,
 To see this sight; now ready to take part
 Of pleasure, in this pleasant day begun,
 VVhen as upon a sudden, o're the Sun
 A mighty rain-swolne-cloud begins to spred;
 And furious winds through th'ayre are nimbly fled
 From forth their Stations, blustering up and down,
 The angry Heavens upon the earth'gin frown (showers,
 And from their Spouts powre down great streaming
 Dashing and washing trees, plants, herbs and Flowers,
 VVith light-beeld lightning, and such Cannon-thunder,
 As Heaven and Earth were reft and cleft in sunder,
 Damping the former hope of sweet delight,
 By this so sudden change amazing sight;

Even

Even so this second comming of Christ Jesus
From sins most heavy hateful Yoke to ease us,
To purge the world of its impurity,
To Plague the Quakers *incredulity*,
T'avenge the blood of his dear slaughtered Saints,
To give an end to their sad sighs and plaints,
Shall sudden be, wil come at unawares,
When worldly men are plung'd in worldly Cares,
When lustfull men are most a sensuallizing,
VVhen fawning Gnathoes most are Temporizing,
VVhen as voluptuous-vain-lings sport and play,
VVhen they do least expect, suspect this day,
Then shall this unsure-certain dooms-day come,
To some most welcome, wofull unto some,
Unto the wicked terrible and fearful,
Unto the godly comfortable and chearful,
Unto the Hectors a day of lamentation,
Unto the Quozils, a day of consolation,
Sharp to the wicked, joytul to the just,
Gods wrath the sinner scattering as the dust,
Then as ith' dayes of Noe, with wondrous change
Shall dire destruction int'all places range.
As that, with waters woful inundation:
So, this, with fires all-spoyling conflagration.
As, that, with water, cold the heat of sin,
Wherewith the world had then inflamed bin:
So this, with fire to burn the rotten sticks,
Of want of Love (combustible dry kicks)
Our Globy-Gran-dame Earth, shall then all flame,
Like a huge bonfire, and about the same
The bound-less, groundless, sea, bright Fishes Station,
Shal be exciccated with strange admiration:
And that great-little, nimble scale-arm'd hoast,
Eo longer shal through the watry region.

Yea, then that huge Leviathan (seas wonder)
 Shal cease his sport, and roaring voice like thunder.
 Then heaven and earth, shal variated be,
 To pure perfection in the highest degrees;
 Then all the Sphears, the Stars, and heavenly motions,
 Which serv'd for time-distinctions, certain notions,
 Planets and Plants, which man on earth did use,
 Their power in man and vertue then shal lose.
 Yea, all vicissitudes, all alternations
 of heav'n and earth; shal leave their antique stations,
 Shal be dissolved, cease, and have an end,
 Mountains shal melt, and to low Dales descend.
 The Creatures then, which groan and moan in pain,
 Freed at the least, if not renew'd again;
 Then shal be heard a loud heart-daunting voice
 A heavenly trump shal sound with ecchoing noise
 By Gods all-potent power and providence,
 Shal all flesh of this vast circumference
 Hear and appear by that loud trumpets summon,
 At this Grand-session all the world in common.
 Then ratling, roaring thunder shal be heard,
 Whereby the wicked shal be frighted, feard,
 Then all the world shal be as flaming fire,
 Christ our lust-gentle Judge with love and ire
 Shal come with all the host of winged Legions,
 Soaring about the bright-star spangled Regions.
 With whom apostles, Prophets, Martyrs flye
 In compleat glory in the glistring Skye.
 Mercy and Justice marching cheek by jowle
 Shal his divine triumphant Chariot rowle,
 Whose wheels shal shine with Lightning all about,
 With beams of glory each-where blazing out.
 Who shal in's hand a book in *folio* bear,
 Wherein mans faults and follies written were.

Then

Sounding an Allarum to Britain.

Then shal the wicked sin-polluted Goats
Ingulft in sorrow, roar with hideous noats,
Howle, groan, and grieve, and lamentably moan
At Gods supernall and tribunall throne,
Holding their hands at's Barre with grief and horror;
Shall hear the Judges sentence to their terrour,
Their self-accusing conscience telling them
That they are Guilty, and wil them condemn.
And Satans Sergeants at their elbowes stand,
To bear their souls and bodies out of hand
To his infernal Jayle, with fiery chains
To bind them fast to hels nere ending pains.
Their sin, I say, wil stand at their right hand,
And at their left wil damned divils stand:
VVithin, th accusing conscience crying shame,
VVithout them, all rhe world a burning flame:
Under their feet, soulfrying, gaping hel,
And ore their heads, their Judge most fierce and fel.
Too late they then weep for un-wept-for sin,
Too late they wish they never born had been,
Too late ashamed at Heav'ns most glorious Light,
They wish, but vainly wish, that mountains might
Them cover, smother, from heart-searching Judge,
Thus rest of comfort, up and down they trudge.
And then the just-chiefe-Justice wrathfully,
On's left hand, sayes to the wicked, Stand you by,
You awless, lawless, wicked, hence, depart
Into eternall terrour, pain, and smart,
Depart, I say, you curied, go, begon
Into the depth of hels deep dungeon.
That Prison where your damned souls must lye,
And dye a thousand deaths, yet never dye.
Where shall be weeping, wailing, schreeks and groans,
Gnashing of teeth, hel-howling, sighs and moans,

Divels tormenting you in flames eternal,
 With fearfull frights, by hellish Fiends infernall,
 For ere to be sequestred from all joy.
 In endless, restless, mercy less annoy.
 O woful wages, for their works of sin!
 O how much better they ne're born had bin!
 O that when they were born, they then had dyde,
 Then thus for sin, hels horrors to abide!
 But as we see after a mighty storm,
 The sun shines out with beams bright, fair and warme
 So the God-fearing, and sin-flying sheep,
 VVhich did Christs Laws and Heasts sincerely keep,
 VVhich his distressed Members cloath'd and fed,
 VVhich to their power the poore had comforted,
 To these blest saints, I say, at right hand placed,
 VVho shall be with Cælestiall glory graced,
 VVhom he elected to be angelized,
 VVhose souls in joy shall be immortallized;
 VVish sweet aspect to these wil Christ thus say,
 Come, come you blessed of the Lord for aye.
 Come, dear adopted brethren, come to mee,
 VVith me you all shall glorified be,
 Receive the Kingdome for you all prepared,
 Ere Earths foundation was to th^e Earth declared.
 For your good service under my faiths banner,
 You shall be crown'd with my chiefe champions honor.
 Since for my sake you once liv'd in annoy:
 Now with me come into your Masters joy,
 Into that joy, whereof none shall be able
 You to deprive, it is so firm and stable.
 Thus then the Lord-chiefe-Justice having driven
 The rout of damned Reprobates from Heaven,
 And having with the Fan of his Decree,
 The chaff froms Wheat thus clenfed and made free,

Thus

Thus in a bundle having bound the tares,
The con-corrupted heap of hellish wares:
And by the power of's ireful Iron rod,
His Foes beat down and under foot thus trod:
His Church from all uncleanness purifide,
His sacred sons enthronized sanctifide:
Now shall they all with joy inexplicable,
With great content, and comfort amiable,
Behold and see the New-Jerusalem:
The Citie of the Lord, vouchsaf't to them.
That sole Metropolis, that sacred seat,
VVherein our trine-one Lord most good, most great
Had long time promls'd, and now means to dwell,
VVith all his Saints in vertue that excel.
This being that sweet spouse spirituall,
That blotless, spotless Bride coelestiall,
To whom the Lamb Christ Jesus is contracted:
Now ready that the Nu ptialls be enacted.
VVho being in her Militant estate,
Was then with blemishes contaminate,
Was often sin-sick, by her sinful course,
And as it were in danger of divorce;
Byre-re-lapses and her oft offence,
Th ough stil protected by heavens indulgence.
But now being in her pure and glorious state,
In heav'n triumphant, un-contaminate,
Conform'd unto, confirm'd in puritie
All-chast, now plac't in sweet security,
Now undivorceable, lovely and sweet,
Is new, prepar'd her bridegroom thus to meet.
Her eyes like Orient Pearls, her cheeks with dimples:
Most amiable, fair, free of least Pimples.
Her lips like threds of scarlet, coral red,
Her temples faire, her hair like golden thred.

Her breath more savourie then mellifluous dew,
 Her brests like two young Twin-Roes white of hiew,
 Arayed in fine pure linnen, clean and white,
 In Vestures wrought with Gold which glister bright,
 And cast an odoriferous fragrant sent,
 Of *Spikenard*, *Saffro*, and most pure ointment,
 Attended on by Virgins vertuous, chaste,
 To meet her Bridegroom, thus she forth doth hast.
 Oh sacred sight, sweet shew, souls soveraign blifs,
 When thus the Bridegroom his dear spouse shall kifs,
 Mariage of *Manna* and of *Mel* compacted,
 Whereby our souls with Christ are aye compacted,
 Prefigur'd in the sacred Sacrament
 Of Christs last supper, given to this intent.
 Thus Christ (I say) his love, his dove shall meet,
 Thus they each other kindly then shall greet:
 Thus shall this glorious City then appear,
 VWherein the just shal reign with joy and cheer.
 But now ere we behold this blest Theater,
 Let me herein be th angels Imitater,
 Teach Godly Ceder here to signifie
 This observation, of importancie:
 That since in this great Cities model rare,
 VVe are to meet with wonders past compare,
 VVe shall behold inimitable art,
 Such as may quickly wonder-strike the heart,
 And seem to Reason's Sin-blear'd, Flesh-blinde Eye,
 Texuperate the bounds of Veritie:
 Therefore a winged Messenger from Heaven.
 To the blest *Evangelist* this charge hath given,
 To register in time concluding scrowles,
 To write this truth in Scriptures sacred rowles,
 That Heav'ns all-seeing, all foreseeing King,
 Truths spotleis Fountain, Faiths ore-flowing-spring,
 That

Sounding an allarum to Britain.

That *alpha* and *omega*, first and last.

Who was, is, shal be, when all times are past,

Who is as powerful to perform his wil:

As ready-prest his Mercies to fulfil;

Whose Promises are all Yea and Amen:

Hath promis'd (and whats he among all men

Hath ever known the Lord to falsifie

His Cov nant made, or from his word to flie?)

Hath vow'd (I say) that hee'le all things renew,

All imperfections bring to perfect hiew,

And make the joy of's glorified Saint,

Endless and free from future moan and plaints.

Yea, with such grace and forcible perswasion

He seems to counter mand all frail evasion

Of doubting or demurring in this kind;

As if he should have said; Man, be not blind;

Let it not seem an intricate hard thing,

That I, the Lord, these things to pass should bring,

I, which of nothing all things did create,

I, which but breath'd, and made each animate,

I, the arch-mover of what ere did move,

Shall ought to me so difficult then prove,

As not my beck, and how streight to obey?

O no, be wise, do not my power gainsay,

Be not incredulous to fear or doubt,

For I the Lord, this thing wil bring about:

Not only for my power, but Promise sake,

And the great care which ore my Saints I take.

To crown them all with promised salvation,

Their foes to sel to hel with dire damnation;

That true believers then may find me true,

Athiests their Infidelity may rue.

Yea with a tripple firm ingemination,

Hath heaven confirm'd this faithful Protestation.

And what so scornfully, scoffing Cham so bold?

VVhat impious athiest dares it untrue hold

What fearfull, faultfull, or unfaithfull Cain,
 Doth dare this truth, deride, doubt or disdain?
 Doubtlels the simplest peevish Grammatist,
 The rudest rustick, who yet never wist
 What tis to sound heav'ns depth of prudencie;
 Would soon condemn them of absurditie.
 O the great wisdom and indulgent Grace!
 Of heav'ns great King, himselte so to debase;
 Precept on Precept thus to us to teach,
 His wil so oft t'inculeate and to preach.
 Line after line, yea now and then a little,
 Our faith more soundly to confirm and settle.
 Us to inform in his pure veritie,
 Us to reform from infidelity.
 Therefore such faithles and incredulous,
 Such graceles, godles, irreligious,
 As do deny or wil bely this truth;
 Shall be rejected to their endless ruth;
 Shall ne're have part nor portion in this joy,
 But be obtruded unto di e annoy.
 And they too-light, too-late believe shal rue,
 When they receive their meed and merit due:
 When with the damned sin-co-operators
 They shal of wo and horror be partakers.
 Read then with faith, and what thou readst, desire,
 And that thou canst not comprehend, admire.
 But, here as at a stand, I stand amazed,
 That I a dust-born babe, poor, weak and crazed,
 Of stammering tongue, a child in understanding,
 Of heart, oft subject unto sins commanding.
 Should undertake (worm that I am) to prie
 Into the depth of so great myserie.
 That to describe, which asks an angells skil,
 As Souls which of that sight hath had its fil;
 And yet all too too little, to declare

The beauty infinite, the splendor fair
Of great Jehovahs Palace Chrystaline,
All full of hev'nly glory, all divine;
Which to admire the more I do contend,
I more admire, and less do comprehend:
And whose rare fabrique and coelestial sight,
I rather could stand wondring at, than write.
Pardon, oh therefore pardon Lord, I pray,
My great presumption, let thy grace alway
Illuminate my sin-cacated heart:
And to my layes thy sacred help impart.
That nought may be mis-done, mis-thought, mis-said,
O Lord I crave thy sacred soveraigne ayde.
Give me a voice now, O Voice all divine!
With heav'nly fire inspire this brest of mine,
And since thou, Lord, art able to declare
By th' mouthes of babes, which weak and tender are,
Thy might and power: Lord (though unworthy I)
Into my heart infuse abundantly
The soveraigne graces of thy holy sprite,
That my weak Pen, thy wondrous praise may write.
That thy Enthusiasme of Prophetick skil,
May on my layes like honey sweet distil:
That by divine divine Iohns godly guide,
I from the truth may not once step aside,
But by his true Prophetical direction,
May methodize Jerusalems perfection,
That all that read it, may enflamed be
With hearts desire therein to reign with thee,
To make great hast and speedy properation,
To this blest Citie with due preparation.
As God th' ere living, all good giving King,
The first that moves of every moving thing,
When unto Moses he vouchsaf't to show
The Land of Canaan which did overflow

With Milk and honey, which he vow'd to give
 To *Iacobs* off-spring, wherein they should live;
 On top of *Purgah* Mountain did him place,
 That *Moses* might from thence behold the grace,
 The pleasure, wealth, and riches of that land,
 Which they should have by power of his right hand:
 Even so the Darling of Christ Jesus, *Iohn*,
 Rapt in the Spirit was also plac't, upon
 A high-topt Mount in *Pathmos*, whence he might
 Contemplate this great Cities glorious sight;
 A sight more glorious far, than that the Devil
 That subtil Serpent, fire-brand of evil,
 Shew'd to our Saviour in his great temptation,
 When he with Satan fought for our Salvation.
 Thou wel beloved of thy Saviour deer,
 (Saith a blest angel unto *Iohn*) draw neer,
 With joy come hither, stand a while by me,
 And thou the heavenly Canaan shalt see.
 The Churches glorifi'd spirituall State,
 Thou shalt behold and sweetly contemplate
 The spotless Spouse, th'immaculate chaste Bride,
 With which the Lamb Christ Jesus wil abide:
 The joy in God, and godly consolation,
 Th'elected Saints most holy habitation:
 Prepared for them by the Trinitie,
 Where they shall reign, remain eternally,
 Call'd the great Citie, Holy Canaan:
 Great, whose inhabitants none number can,
 Holy, because no putrifying Sin,
 Nor least impuritie can there creep in;
 Call'd Canaan, or new Jerusalem,
 A place of peace, Saints rest, Souls Diadem.
 Now this most holy heav'ly Habitable,
 Who most magnificent Saints receptacle

With

VVith glorie, which did from the Lord proceed,
VVhose most refulgent splendour did exceed
The lustre of all precious stones most bright,
They all come short of this most glorious Light.
Yea, as faire transparent Iasper Green,
So shall his Saints felicitie be seen
For ere to wax most fresh and alwaies flourish,
Because Gods power and prudence shall it nourish:
It being pure as any Crytall clea,
VVhereby not blot, nor spot can there appear;
No stains of toul terrestriall uncleanness,
No grols pollutions of impure obsecanness,
Shall this their joy obnubilate make dim,
Or once eclipse their beauty, fram d by him;
Gods gracious presence and great Majestic
Shall it to deck, decore and glorifie.
Here tis no triviall question, why the Light
Of this blest Cities lustre equisite
Is to a precious Jasper Stone compared;
Tnd why it might not have been as wel declared,
By th^e sun, or Moon, or Stars most excellent,
O. artificiall Lights which men invent?
All these are Lights, true; but too light they be,
Compar'd with Light it self, wth the highest degree.
First, in regard the Suns far piercing rayes,
VVith its bright beams the eye-sight much decayes,
If the beholder thereon fixtly look,
Nor can his sight the brightness thereof brook:
But precious stones have no obnoxious might,
But with their splendour rarely do delight
The eyes of their beholders, so that they
The more on them they look, the more they may.
VVhereby, egregiously they intimate
And to us point the sweet and delicate

Delight

Delight we shal in heav'nly knowledge finde,
 So to affect and recreate the minde,
 As that the more we thereof do possess,
 The more our love whereof we shall expresse.
 Again the artificial lights men make,
 As torches, tapers, lamps, and candles, flake;
 Are soon burnt out, extinct, and therefore need
 Some fomentarie adjunct, them to feed:
 But as for precious Stones, their sparkling light
 Is genuine, by Nature shineth bright,
 And glisters in the most obscure dark place,
 Alwayes retaining their resplendant grace:
 And therefore do most lively represent
 The splendor fair, and beauty excellent
 Of th'ever lelie subsisting Deitie,
 Alwaies the same, one-same eternity.
 This citie is environ'd, bounded round,
 With a great high-ropt wall, thick, strong and sound,
 Which unto us doth thus much intimate;
 That though i'th' Churches Militantestate,
 The congregations of Christs faithfull Saints
 Were stil molested, ful of wotull plaint,
 Tost to and fro with storms Tyrannicall,
 With persecutions most satanicall,
 And like Noes-ark were nere in peace or rest,
 With worldly billowing-waves dash't and distrest:
 Yet in this chuch-triumphant, they shal be
 From all heart-hurting fear of danger free.
 Surely, securely kept from least annoy,
 In heav'nly safetie sempiternall joy.
 For why, the Doctrine apostolicall
 Shall as a firm invincible strong wall
 Debar and keep out, heart-deluding errors,
 All unclean creatures, Lyers and the tortors,
 Which

VWhich their abominations might effect;
 For, this wall Doctrinall doth them reject:
 And thus the Prophet *Jeremie* doth call
 A constant Preacher, a strong, brazen wall.
 Now this strong wall is made more admirable,
 By Stately Ports and ground-work solid, stable,
 Twelve Gates are about it plac't conveniently,
 VWhich thus much do unto us signifie:
 That all her friends and Citizens shall see,
 The way to th' city easie, plain to be;
 Plain to the just, to th' unjust narrow straight,
 Easie to those, to these most intricate.
 And on these Gates were charactred most fair,
 The names of Isr'els twelve tribes, to declare
 Their good assurance and their ready way,
 That none might wander, erre, or go astray.
 There needs no use of a conducting guide,
 Their way lying open to them on every side.
 But here by th' names of Israels twelve tribes,
 The sacred spirit unto us describes,
 (They being, once, Gods sole peculiar Vine,
 Til they did from his Love and Lure decline)
 That, by a figure, are in them included
 The elected Gentiles, once from grace secluded.
 Even people of all Nations under heaven
 (To whom, Salvation, God in Christ hath given)
 Are here all taine for spirituall Israelites,
 Whom Christ the Corner-stone to th' Jews unites.
 At these twelve Gates, twelve angels there did stand.
 But not like Edens-angels, in their hand
 Holding a sword, a sword like fiery flame,
 To daunt and drive, what ever thither came:
 But here these angels stand like Porters kind,
 That *Abrams* faithful Sons access may find

Unto the tree of life, and sacred spring:
 VVhich grows and flows from Christ this Edens King
 VVith most commodious decent scituation
 Are these twelve gates plac'd about this heav'nly station
 And good *Ezechiel* doth them thus digest
 Three East, three North, three south, and three by west.
 These three tribes names; *Dan*, *Ioseph*, *Semanan*,
 Or the three Eastern Gates were to be seen.
 Or the three Ports set on the Northern side,
Iude, *Levi*, *Reubens* names might be discide.
 Or the three southern gates th' inscription
 Of *Simeon*, *Isachar*, and *Zabulon*.
 Also the three gates on the VVest part had
 The name of *Aser*, *Naphtalem*, and *Gad*.
 Of which most decent triple distribution
 Of these twelve Gates, this is the resolution;
 Namely, that all the Saint-elected souls,
 VVhose names are written: Heav'ns eternall rowles,
 From whatsoever quarter of the earth,
 They had their first originall and birth:
 Yet, have but one especiall means t' ascend
 Unto this Citie, their hopes happy end.
 To wit, the blit profession of the trinitie,
 Hereby, to Christ they are th'are joynd in neeraffinitie
 And, that they thus, professing thiee in one:
 Shall finde the way wide ope to heav'ns high throne.
 Shall find the path more patent, plaine and straight,
 And at the Gates twelve angels for them wair,
 A twelf fold Ground-work and Foundation strong,
 Did also to this mighty wall belong.
 mean not to the Citie, but the VVall,
 For, of the Citie, Christ is all in all.
 Upon which twelve Foundations glorious, rare,
 Christs twelve apostles names were graven faire:

Who here are said to be this Walls foundation,
By their apostolique administration,
For having by their blest Ministry,
Christ Jesus Doctrine preached publicly
Unto the World: as the first instruments
Are therefore, thus, the twelve strong Firmaments:
Not that they are the Principall Foundation,
But having first place in this Fabrication.
Are (as I so may say) the first stones laid,
On which the building of this wall was made.
For, no man is so silly, as to say,
That the Foundation doth it self down lay:
But thats the office of the architector,
Which is Christ Jesus, this great works director.
This Cities Sovereign, whole un-shrinking shoulders,
Are this most glorious Cities firm upholders.
Who laid his twelve disciples as Supporters
Of this Quadrangled walls most spacious quarters,
As those in whom his Churches doctrine pure
Did most consist and constantly endure:
Thus are th'apostles grounds of ministration,
But Christ the only Basis of Salvation.
But what sayes Rome to this? that man of Sin,
Who proudly reignes and rules as Lord and King,
Peters supremacy, superiour State,
Is here (me thinks) quite torn, worn out of date.
For though our Saviour call'd his Faith, the Rock,
Whereon hee'd build his Church, his Love, his Flock,
And his and all th'apostles Doctrine pure,
To be his Churches ground-work, grounded sure:
Yet neither is St. Peter here exprest,
To be in dignity above the rest:
Nor yet to be the principall Foundation:
But one with others have their Station,

Then

Then, surely, hence, 'tis most apparent plain,
 That antichrist of *Rome* doth not maintain
 His proud priority, from *Peters* Faith;
 But from his Person (whom he falsely saith,
 T'have been *Romes* Bishop, which, nor he, nor's crue
 Shall ere be able to approve as true)
 His person 'tis, I say, not Doctrine pure,
 Oh this it is the Pope can worst endure:
 Therefore since he mis-deems Christs blest foundation
 He ne're shall have least part in Christs Salvation.
 But now return we whence we have digrest,
 The Light-bright Angel (which did manife'st
 Unto *S. Iohn* this glorious sacred sight)
 Now like some noble Pers'nage, Princely wight,
 Like to another prudent *Nehemie*,
 Or like good *Exra* full of prudencie,
 By t'h'Symbole of a Golden Reed in'his hand,
 Did represent, that he with that Met-wand,
 The Cities spacious round should measure out
 The height, length, breadth, and compass all about,
 Entries, and wall, environing the same
 All under line and measure truly came:
 All most exactly form'd with due respect,
 By the arch-artist of this architect.
 Yea, with a Golden Reed he meets the same,
 Most fit to measure such a glorious frame.
 By which externall gesture, the angel here,
 As else-where in the Prophets may appear
 In their Prophetick visions us'd to show
 The Lords intent, by thus descending to
 Our weak capacity: which ne're can keep
 A verball document, in mind so deep,
 As actual gestures evermore we find,
 Examples more than precepts teach the mind.

Sounding an allarm to Britain.

And here by th^e angels meeting with a reed,
We are advis'd to take a speciall heed,
And deeply to imprint in mind and heart,
The subsequent discription and rare art,
The stately symmetry, worth admiration,
Of this coelestiall sacred habitation,
Containing in't an heav'nly harmony,
With the chiefe grounds of christian verity,
This Citie lay in form quadrangulare,
By which firm cubiq; plat-form, here we are
To understand and note, the stable state
Of this Mount-Sion free from hostile hate:
Not to be stirr'd by tempests violent,
Immoveable, most constant, permanent.
Which being square, the Gates are opposite
To the four corners of the earths-globe aright,
From every part whereof to let in those,
Whom Christ the Lamb, to reign with him hath chose.
The four Evangelists the pattern are,
By whom this edifice was fashion'd square:
By *Matthew Mark, Luke* and Christ tendred *Iohⁿ*,
Was fram'd (I say) this constitution.
And since the twelve apostles, as foresai^d,
Were by their short and present doctrine made
The strong foundation of the holy wall.
Is't not a concord most harmonically?
That these Evangelists most excellent,
By their long-lasting-written testament;
Should the four corners of that square build out,
And it to full perfection bring about.
The angell then, with's reed the Citie meeted;
Which by just Measure was thus computated,
Twelve thousand fadomes, whereof eight makes a mile,
Which fifteen hundred miles do just compile:

The length, height, breadth, being of all equal space,
 Do make, almost, infinite room and place,
 Within the wall: as Christ himself hath said,
 In my dear heavenly Fathers house, are made
 Many fair Mansions: fit to comprehend,
 Th' increase of Gods elect, to th worlds last end.
 Now then, the totall body of this place,
 Doth to us represent the beauctious grace,
 The great felicitie, admired joy,
 Which in this Citie we shall sure enjoy
 In the united glorious Deitie,
 Th' incomprehensible Trine-Unitie.
 The three distinct dimensions asforeshew'd,
 Of Latitude, Longitude, Altitude,
 Present the severall measures of delight,
 Which in the Father, Son, and Holy-sprite,
 We shall possess, and this felicitie,
 To be alike, of equall quantitie.
 There shall we three in one most clearly see,
 There shall we also worship one in three,
 And of this joy we shall have full fruition,
 Alike of all, without all intermission,
 Even as the Persons are one in the Deitie,
 And one in substance in the unite trinity,
 The Premises thus re-obscur'd, afford
 To us a most harmonious sweet accord,
 Twixt God and this his holy Habitable,
 The Lambs sweet spouse; celestial tabernacle.
 God, the Worlds most admired artizan,
 When first he fashion'd and created man,
 Like his own perfect Image, did him make;
 God would man should his Makers likeness take,
 Even so this Cities Specious Symmetrie,
 Is shap'd like heavens sacred Deitie,

As God himself in trinitie is one:
So by this Citie his true Church is shown.
As of the God-head there be persons three,
And Father, Son, and Spirit co-equal be:
So those dimensions, length, height, Breadth, are all
By the angel measur'd, to be just equal.
As neither person in the Deity,
Is seperable from their Unity:
So none of these dimensions, being three,
May from a citie separated be;
Or other solid body, otherwise
It were not sound, but Line or superfice.
The persons three and their three offices,
Are not confounded: and no more are these;
For neither is the length, the breadth, and so
The height is neither breadth, nor length we know,
And even as *Athanasius* in his Creed,
As wittily, as wisely doth proceed,
And sayes, the father, son, and holy sprite,
Though three in persons are one God unite:
So Longitude, Latitude, Altitude,
Must one sole citie evermore include.
The doctrine also of the deitie,
Is witnest in the four-fold verity,
Writ by the four Evangelists: so here
This New-Jerusalem, as doth appear,
Is in a quadrate, or square form set down;
Most like a strong immoveable firm town.
The twelve apostles, were disperst and sent
To every quarter of earths continent,
To preach to all our Saviours doctrine sound,
Whereby al nations heav'n's rightrode way have found:
On twelve foundations, so stands this great frame,
And by twelve Gates all go into the same.

Lastly the God-head universall is,
 And infinite in glory and in blis,
 Infinitely extended over all:
 So in Jerusalem coelestiall,
 Is infinite tranquill ty and peace,
 Abundant roome, for all the great encrease
 Of Gods dear Saints, who were predestinate
 To this Jerusalems most happy state.
 Thus having heard this sacred Symphonie
 Twixt God and's Church: proceed we orderly.
 The angel now here measuring the wall,
 The mighty bulwark apostolicall,
 Of this angelick State of sanctitie,
 Found it to be rais'd up in cubits high,
 Even by a twelve-fold-high-ascending course,
 By th'twelve apostles rais'd to mighty force.
 But this though spoken in a humane sort:
 Yet hath a heav'nly sence of great import,
 Namely, that though the Church, here, Militant
 Was evermore distrest with wo and want;
 Being by worldly obstacles kept low,
 And never could to full perfection grow:
 Yet now in her triumphant dignity,
 To plenary perfection springs on high;
 This being by twelve courses signifi'd,
 Which twelve times so much more being multiply'd,
 T'an hundreth forty four courses of height;
 Do make the wall to rise, direct upright,
 By Jews and Gentiles mighty multitude,
 VVhom grace by faith wil in this frame include.
 Thus now, we having seen the stately stature,
 The spacious compass of this heaven-built structure:
 Let us with our divine divine behold
 The matter, substance and most precious Mold.

VVhere-

VWhereof the wall, citie and firm foundation,
The twelve great gate of this heav'ns habitation,
Were form'd, adorn'd, yea with what pavement rare,
The Streets were pav'd, all which is to declare
The wonderfull unspeakable delight,
VWhich Gods dear Saints in prelence of his sight,
Shall in that life to come, to th'fnl possess:
And thus the Prophet *Isay* did redress,
And console the Jews disconsolation,
Declaring in his true vaticiny on,
The glory of this New-Jerusalem,
VWhich God would once re-build, re-make for them.
O happy are they, which are interested.
And whose blest souls are there into invested!
Now then the building of this fencive wall,
This sincere Doctrine apostolicall,
Of precious stones, most gloriously did shine
VWith bountie and with beaut y most divine.
Having a lustre like the Jasper green,
VWhich evermore to flourish shall be seen.
Hence then, this Note is set before our eyes:
That this rare fabrique, pompous edifice,
Is all most precious, specious, round about,
As bright within, as it is light without.
But in this wall, this one thing is most rare,
Is most regardable, beyond compare:
That though those twelve foundations firm & strong,
Were so by courses set and laid along,
As that course after course, th'are placed all,
And strangely ordred clean throughout the wall:
Yet is the wall, as here we plainly see,
Thus wholly said of Jasper for to be.
Which is indeed to shew and signifc.
That though those ground-props of the Ministrie,

Whose rare and divers gifts in every one,
Are by rich Jews afterwards here shown:
Yet that the matter and the lustre bright,
Of this great wall, are said, and that most right,
To arise from one, which is the Lord alone,
Designed here by this rare Jasper stone.
He only is the Churches bulwark strong,
For though to these apostles did belong
Diversitie of gifts of heav'nly grace:
Yet each of them in his peculiar place
Did ever build one and the self-same thing,
And not themselves did preach, but Christ their King.
The cities model was of perfect Gold,
Most delectable, glorious to behold.
Which mettle, for its ex'lent properties,
This cities glory rarely amplifies.
It being of all other chiefe and best,
For these five reasons in pure gold exprest.
First, that the burning fire consumes it not:
Next, that it takes no Canker, stain or spot.
Again, for use it longest doth endure,
As also that the fire makes it more pure.
Lastly, nor Salt nor Vinegar can spoil,
Nor any such liquidity defile.
The fair corruscant beauty of the same,
And therefore from the rest it bares the fame.
O! must not then this City needs be stable?
Is't not most strong, invincible, durable?
Being so free from stains of all corruption,
Being so far from fear of foes irruption.
Nay, here's not all, theres one more property
Of rare respect, of precious excellencie;
Namely, that it like clearest glass doth glitter,
And thereby casts a more admired lustre:

Whereby

Whereby is thus much to us intimated:
That 'tis not with foul spots contaminated,
But doth with such a radiant splendor shine,
That all may alwaies clearly cast their eyne
With most sweet contemplation, on the face
Of Gods great beauty and most bounteous grace,
By re-percussion of those glorious beams
Which from his God-head, on his Saints forth streams
Therefore this glorious City of the Lord,
Which inwardly such beauty doth afford,
Is far unlike the seat of Romes great whore;
Which she doth gild and gorgeously daub o're,
In her externall parts; so to delude,
The simple and besotted multitude.
Whereas within she's wholly inquinated,
With filthy beastliness all-vitiated,
And by her cup of poysonous Fornication,
Would all defile with her abomination:
Being beast-like drunken with the blood of Saints,
Which to heav'ns throne do send up Abels plaints.
But this coelestial sacred architecture,
Like *Solomons* faire Brides most princely vesture,
Is precious, curious, beautiful within,
Admits no soile, or smallest touch of Sin;
Within, without, all spotless purity,
And inter-mixt with boundless Majesty.
Thus having view'd the wall,
And what rare substance they are fram'd withall:
Now lets behold, and that with admiration,
The sumptuous substance of the strong Foundation.
All which, though of themselves they are most precious
Yet are they made more gorgeous, gay and specious,
Being embost, enamelled and dight,
To make them give a more resplendent light,

The Prophetical Trumpeter,

With Patriarchs, Prophets, and Professors good;
 With valiant Martyrs, who not spar'd their blood
 In Christs just quarrel; with interpreters,
 And Soul converting holy Ministers:
 All these do garnish, deck, and decorate,
 The twelve foundations of this blisful state.
 Which here the angell fitly doth compare
 Unto twelve Gems, or precious stones most rare
 Whose vertues, colours, places where they grow,
 Is worth our labour severally to know,
 The first foundation is of Jasper stone,
 An Indian Gem, as is by *Plinie* shown;
 Whose specious splendor, and whose beauty rare,
 Tis easier to admire, than to declare.
 For, a confuse promiscuous multitude
 Of Noble vertues, it doth in't include:
 In which, a pleasant multiplicitie
 Of excellencies rare varietie
 May be perceiv'd; but which is chiefe or best,
 Cannot be easily seen: or soon exprest:
 For, it, as hath been shew'd, doth represent
 Gods blessed similitude most excellent,
 Therefore this stone (and that most worthily)
 Hath in this building chiefe priority,
 The second was a precious Saphyre stone.
 Which is reported amongst the Medes to have grown,
 Faire goldey spots, this precious stone doth garnish,
 With a remarkable and beautious burnish.
 The third was of a Chalcedonie clear,
 Found 'bout the Chalcedonian waters; near
 The Rocks *Semplegads* or those Isles in *Thrace*:
 This stone being nam'd after that foresaid place,
 Tis of one colour glistring like a flame,
 And with the Carbuncle doth seem the same.

VWhich

VVhich with good reason, wel may signifie,
O: burning zeal an ardent fervencie.
The fourth an Emraude, or Smaragdes rare.
VVhich stone tis said doth grow i^t th^e Scythian Lare
Of colour green, glistering most clear and bright,
VVhich hiew indeed doth most content the sight;
And is internally as admirable,
As for externall beautie delectable:
For if by too-intentive contemplation
The sight grow dim, this stones rare delactation
Doth loon refresh the lassitude of th^e eye,
And gives the sight perfection speedily:
VVhose beauty green, sound knowledg intimates
Which th^e eye of understanding highly rates,
“ Therefore tis next the Chalcidonie set;
“ To shew, that where zeal hath with knowledg met,
“ And are conjoynd i^t th^e heart their supreme seat:
“ Then are they both most pure and most compleat.
For knowledge without zeal brings proud ambition,
And zeal without true knowledg, superstition.
A Sardonix is for the fift foundation,
VVhich is a Gem found in the Indian Nation,
VVhose superficial face is red and white,
Like a mans naile of^s hand, and shines most bright.
And this doth alio to us signifye,
A certain shew of chaste humanity.
A Sardius, Carbuncle or Rubie rare,
Doth this most sacred sixt foundation rear.
A precious Stone, which specially is found
By Sardus citie in the Lybian ground:
Of colour red like blood, to intimate,
A Severitie on clemency should wair;
And fitly^s with the Sardonix here placed,
Because the foresaid fleshy colours graced,

And cannot fade, but fresh yivificate,
 By being joynd with this associate.
 The seventh Foundation is a Chrysolite:
 An Æthiopian stone which glisters bright,
 Of golden hiew, and this doth demonstrate
 Much dignity, and great Magistrick State.
 The eighth a Beryll, which (as *Pliny* saith)
 Is found in Indie: this, for colour hath
 Sea water-green, betokening lowliness:
 For, water as experience doth expresse,
 Yeilds and gives place to each interposition,
 Which is against it set, or makes incision.
 "Set with the Chrysolite to signifie,
 "Meekness with greatness should keep company:
 A vertuous mean thus ever to retain,
 And rash extremes stil wisely to retrayne.
 The ninth a opaze which was first found out
 By arabian rovers, ranging all about,
 Call'd *Traglodit's*: this Stone's of colour green,
 And yet not simply so, for in t is seen
 Much yellowness, glistring like perfect Gold,
 Giving a Lustre pleasant to behold.
 A precious Stone call'd Indian Chrysoprase,
 Doth this great *VValls* tenth firm foundation raise.
 Which also gives a certain golden glister,
 But therein is a *Scallion* juyce commixture,
 This Fortresses eleventh and twelf foundation,
 Were both of them two Gems of Indian nation,
 Call'd *hyacinth* and *amethyst*: both which
 Are of a purple colour, faire and rich.
 And now of all that hitherto is said,
 Of these rich precious Stones whereof was made
 This twelve-fold Solid Glorious Strong Foundation,
 This is the scope, true use and application:

Namely

Namely, that as a careful architector,
Who of a *Princely building* is Director;
And chiefe Ore-seer, sends with expedition
His Quarriors, Masons, gives them this commission,
In every quarter to search out and dress,
To hiew and cut, to have in readiness
The choicest Stones that might be got for gold,
For strength to build, and beautilous to behold:
Or, as Wit-wondrous *Solomon* is laid,
When he would have the Lords great temple made,
To send his Princes to provide each thing,
Which might decore the seat of heav'ns great King:
With *Hiram* his kind Neighbor did compact,
For necessities to that sacred act:
Who sent both men and all his choicest Stuff,
Of every thing abundantly enough:
Even so the Lord, this Cities *Master-builder*,
Earths globy Universals strong hand weilder,
To th'building got this blessed habitation
Sent his apostles into every Nation,
To *India*, *Aegypt*, *Aethiopia*,
Arabia, *Europe*, and *Armenia*.
Through every course it's worlde circumference,
To teach and preach with care and diligence,
To congregate and bring into his Fold,
His precious people; who, like perfect Gold
Should gorgeously adorn this sacred frame,
Some Prophets, Martyrs, Preachers of great fame;
Some with one gift, some with another graced,
That in this Sancture they might thus be placed,
To frame and build this everlasting palace
Of everliving Stones, and endless solace.
Who as th'had built his Church once Militant:
Now should they thus build up his Church triumphant
And

And as they had converted souls to Christ:
 Their souls should shine like Stars in glory high^{est}.
 Thus then the citie, wall, and groundwork past,
 To th^e gates with joy we now are come at last.
 Twelve Gates most rich and precious did belong
 To the wall apostolike, most firm, most strong,
 Which Gates were all of pearls most orient.
 Yet all were but one Pearl most excellent,
 Even Jesus Christ, who is the only Port,
 Through whom th^e Elect must into blis^s resort.
 Through whom alone by faith we here are fed.
 Through whom at last we all shal tast that bread,
 That bread of Life never to hunger more,
 Which for his Saints Christ hath laid up in store.
 He only is the Dore, by which (I say)
 We shal go in and out, teed, Live for ay.
 And as on twelve foundations did arise
 A Wall, as we did formerly premise;
 But One in Matter and in Lultre bright,
 Even God the Father, Father of all Light:
 So these twelve Ports, are all one Pearl most rare,
 Even God the Son whence they derived are.
 But here this one objection may accrew,
 How it may come to pass, a pearl should shew
 And repicent this Man-God Christ our King?
 To which Objection, I this answer bring:
 That as the Shel wherein the Pearl doth grow,
 (Which *Pliny* plainly in his work doth show.)
 Doth at a certain season gape and yawn,
 And without any generating spawne,
 Draws into it a dew, from forth the ayre;
 Which, by the Sea, iⁿ th^e shel grows Orient fair,
 And of this dew doth more coagulate,
 Than tis of earthly stuff coaugmentate:

Even so, the Holy Ghost from heav'ns high frame,
Upon the blessed Virgin *Mary* came;
And Gods eternall power, whose breath all made,
Did so Christs Virgin-Mother over-shade:
That without any humane copulation,
Christ in her womb took on him incarnation.
Yet so, as that his powerfull Divinity
Was still assitant unto his humanity,
Which subject was to mans infirmitie:
But not to sins even last impurity;
Being thus most perfect God and Man indeed,
Knowing our wants to help us at our need.
Thus then, we see, that these twelve Pearly Gates
Consisting of one Pearl, this intimates,
That we in heaven or earth none other have
To invoke, our sinful souls to save,
But Jesus Christ, true God and man alone,
Who sits (our advocate) in heav'ns high throne.
Oh then, the wilful madness of our Foe!
That monstrous beast of Rome, who though he know
This our Position most authentically,
Both he and his belotted shavelings all,
Yet they unto their Saints appropriate,
And unto angels dare accommodate
The honour only due to Christs blest name.
Angels themselves having refus'd the same.
And since nor Saints, nor angels know our state,
Nor have in them, power, us to console,
But Christ hath will'd us come to him alone,
Who can and wil ease and appease our moan,
Therefore that they dare add and thus diminish
From Gods firm truth; they do but strive to finish
And measure up to th'ful their own damnation,
Threarned to all such in the Revelation.

he Gates thus entred, now we may behold
 The streets within, all pav'd with purest Gold,
 Which gave a lustre like the clearest glass,
 Even every street through which the Saints shall passe
 And customarily walk up and down,
 Like glorious Kings in pomp and great renown:
 Which streets and patent passages, imply
 (Amongst their other joyes) the liberty
 And perfect freedome, which those sacred Saints
 Shall fully there possesse; without restraints
 Of being unto any one place tyde,
 For why, wheres'ere they go, God is their guide,
 They walk in God, and God in them alwayes:
 Their beautilous paths shining with his bright rayes.
 Thus have we seen th' essential Majesty,
 This Cities glorious frame and Symmetry,
 The most magnificent and blisful State
 Of those which are in Christ incorporate:
 But yet, whiles here, we see't no otherwise,
 Then as we had a Myst before our eyes.
 Then as we were ith' bottome of a vail,
 Whence of a perfect sight we needs must fail,
 By reason that cloud-kissing Mountaines hic,
 And lotty trees are interpos'd to th' eye:
 And hereby hinder our more clear aspect
 Of this most glorious heavenly architect:
 So that, but Ænigmatically, we
 As through a glais, this sacred City see;
 Whiles in the Fleth we live by lively faith,
 As blessed Paul in his Epistle saith:
 Yet let it joy our hearts our souls delight,
 That though but thus, we may admire this sight.
 That though but with the Prophet Daniel, we
 May ope the window and look toward thee,

O Dateless, Fateless, Restful, Blissful Citie;
Where Hallelujah is the angels Ditty.
Now let it not be (O! how can it be?)
Tedious to us, to contemplate and see
What majesty and dignity compleat
Is necessary to the glory great
Of that externall beauty of this place,
Fill'd with the glory of the Lords bright face;
Making this City most magnificent,
An abstract Common-weale most permanent.
First, there shall be no Temple in the same,
Wherein to worship God all-glorious name,
No sacrificing, no peculiar place,
To worship in, or be this Cities Grace,
Nor no externall Pædagogic, shall
Be useful there, no Service Ritual,
Like that under the Law amongst the Jews,
When they did their old sacrifices use.
But God the Father, and the Lamb Christ Jesus,
Shal of such heavy yokes then clearly ease us.
And be a Temple unto his, most faire,
To whose blest Saints with delight repaire.
His worship, then, shal be most plain and pure,
And shal for ever constantly endure.
Without all legal Rites or Ceremonie,
Adoring God in Christ in sanctimony
Whose looks to them as Lessons shall appear,
His holy name be'ng Musick in their ear.
And such indeed is this great Cities state,
So admirable; so inexplicate:
That Gold and precious stones being too too base,
T'express the glory of that glorious place,
If nature did more precious things bring forth,
More amply to describe this Cities worth:

I therefore know not, what terrestriall thing
 We may with due proportion hereto bring,
 To have a fit and true analogy
 Unto this temple of eternitie,
 But God himself and Jesus Christ alone;
 In whom it may most properly be shown.
 Again this Citie hath no need of Light,
 Neither of Sun, or Moone, or Stars most bright,
 For, as the Prophet saith, when God again
 Shall his dear Church restore and o're it reign,
 The glorious Light thereof so clear shall shine,
 By the blest presence of the Unite-trine:
 That even the Sun and Moon shall seem most dark,
 And in comparison but like a spark,
 To that ineffable, refulgent light
 Of Gods blest countenance and sacred sight.
 Whereby alone the Saints shall all possess
 Such perfect joy and hearty cheerfulness,
 As that all earthly comfort, though it seem'd,
 And were as bright as Sun and Moon esteem'd,
 Shall be superfluous, needless, most neglected,
 And unto this compar'd, not least respected:
 Also, the Heirs and Sons of this Salvation,
 Even all th'Elected people of each Nation,
 Kings of the Earth whom *Euphrates* did bar,
 And once sequester from Christs Kingdome far;
 So many as are saved (as many shall)
 Shall in Jerusalem coelestiall
 With perfect joy, enjoy the full fruition
 Of this most infinite and heavenly vision,
 And thither shal their pomp and honour bring,
 Even unto God and Christ their heavenly King.
 But heres not meant their worldly wealth and state,
 Their Gems and Jewels, Gold or Silver plate,

For,

For, since this sacred Citie needs no light,
 Of Sun or Moon, which shine on Earth so bright:
 Much less shal there be need of worldly pelfe,
 In this most sacred sumptuous Commwealth.
 But this is hereby understood and meant,
 That those good Princes which were eminent
 For vertuous gifts of grace and piety,
 Shall lift up all their whole felicity,
 Their glory and their princely estimation
 From earthly unto heav'nly contemplation:
 And only fix their joy upon the same,
 And glory thus to glorifie Gods name.
 The gates, moreover, of this City, shall
 Be never shut, but stand widr ope to all.
 None shall from this felicity be traide,
 Nor be shut up, as frighted or afraid.
 For there shall be no Enemy to fear them,
 No doubt of danger, then shall once come near them,
 All spight of former adversaries cease,
 For there shall be perpetuall rest and peace.
 And which is more, there shal be here no Night,
 For why, an everlasting splendour bright
 From Gods all-glorious presence shall proceed,
 A Light more pure then light it self indeed,
 Shal so incessantly shine forth alway,
 Making an endless everlasting day.
 But here this night may further intimate,
 A two-fold meaning Lit'ral, Figurative:
 The Literal sense that there no night shal be,
 Is, that indeed the Saints no Night shal see.
 For why? as hath been said all times distinctions
 Of day and Night, summer and winter seasons
 Shal then quite cease and be superfluous:
 The figurative sence and meaning, thus

May be explain'd, that no obscurity
 Of error or of slye hypocrisie,
 No unclean thing foul or abominable,
 No filthy creature, Lye detestable,
 No Murthering *Cains*, no *Iudas* impious,
 No Cham's, nor Achams sacrilegious,
 No cruel, faithless, friendless, envious else
 That hurts his Neighbour, but much more himself,
 " No *Avaritious* arm'd in hooking tenters,
 " And clad in Bird-lime catching all adventures,
 Nor ought that may contagiously infect,
 Or once eclipse the joy of Christs Elect,
 Or violate the glorious state and bliss
 Which Christ the Lamb hath purchased for his:
 Nor in the least degree shall hurt or wrong
 The flourishing estate, which doth belong
 To th' Saints rare dignity, and perfect Light
 Of sincere worship of the Lord of Might:
 Which is his angels glory and chiefe grace,
 And shall for ever in them keep firm place.
 But those shall hither come with joyes most rife,
 Whose names are registred ith' Book of Life,
 For whom the Lamb Christ Jesus did ordain
 This glorious Kingdome with him thus to reign,
 Who were predestinate to this salvation,
 Before the worlds originall foundation.
 To these alone the Gates stand open wide,
 These shal for ever with the Lamb abide,
 Lastly, to make this citie most compleat,
 In every part to be as good as great,
 The Holy Ghost having at large declared
 The churches glorie, being thus compared
 Unto a sumptuous citie ful of State,
 Now finally proceedeth to relate,

That

That both this City and its Citizens
Are furnisht and replenisht with al all means
For conservation of their endless joy,
Sufficient to protect them from annoy:
They have, I say, spirituall lively meat,
Divine angelike Mann^r to drink, to eat,
The soveraign Balsum to conserve aaway
Their health, in health, from fall or least decay.
The holy spirit as erst, here using stil,
These earthly terms t^r express heavⁿs sacred wil:
And all to shew heavⁿs great benignity,
Descending thus to our capacity,
This honour'd City hath in it also
A sacred River which doth over-flow
With pure and precious water of blest life,
Whose stream, do issue from its fount most rife.
A current River, not a pool with soil,
Nor foul or troubled, Egyptian Nile;
Or billowing Euphrates; But sweet and fair
With delectable streams, smooth, clear and rare.
A River for its great abundancie,
Pure in respect of its sweet sanctity,
Of water of Gods Sp^rits rare gifts of Grace,
Of life, whose tasters live an endless space,
And clear as Crystall from all spissitude,
From all unclean corrupt amaritude.
This River shall from Gods great throne proceed
And from the Lambs, gliding with pleasant speed.
And thus the River here may signifie,
The Holy Ghosts gifts, third in a trinity.
Which is not sleightly ratifi'd, indeed,
In that tis said here, that it shal proceed
From Gods and from the Lambs most sacred throne,
Which *Johns* shewn Prophecie hath clearly shown.

Yea, and ith' midst of this great Cities street
 Pav'd all with gold, as mould under their feet,
 Through all the pleasant passages most fair,
 Where to and fro the Sainted souls repair:
 On either side this River (rare to see)
 Doth flourish fairely a Life-giving tree.
 Which tree of Life, doth thus much to us show,
 That to those gracious Waters, which do flow,
 To all the graces of Gods sacred Spirit;
 Christ Jesus is conjoynd, by whose just merit,
 His Church hath life, true peace, and sure salvation,
 Thus having with the Sp^{rite} co-operation:
 And til residing with his Saints Elest,
 Continually doth guide and them direct,
 Exhibiting to all, by his tuition,
 Easie partaking and a full fruition
 Of all the Benefits and heav'nly Graces,
 Which in and 'bout this River he thus places.
 Whereon they all shall spiritually feed,
 Alwaies desiring, yet ne'ere stand in need.
 Which Tree of Life, twelve sorts of fruite doth beare,
 Whereby the Holy Spirit doth declare,
 First, that the Lord, who is the God of Order,
 Doth much detest confusion or disorder.
 In stil retaining as he first begun,
 The number twelve, which hitherto is done:
 And also to express that there shal be,
 In number and measure full sufficiencie,
 To saturate the longing appetites,
 Of all the twelve spirituall Israelites,
 Even of all those that so have run their race,
 The twelve apostles doctrine to imbrace,
 T'observe and keep (Maugre the rage and spight
 Of pope and pagan, foes to Truths pure light.)

Thus

Thus then, we see the angell here observing
An exquisite decorum, thence not swerving:
Who since the City, Entries, Romes Foundations,
And Symmetry of these blest habitations,
To th' number twelve have been accommodated;
And orderly thus stil continuated:
Therefore with decent correspondencie,
The angel to this number doth apply
The spiritual food, and furniture most meet,
Making a consort most harmonious sweet,
Conformably agreeing thus in one,
With those whence they had their comparison.
Now as twelve sorts of fruit grow on this tree,
The Saints to satisfie: so shall they be
For delicacie, sweet content and pleasure.
As every Saint shall have abundant measure:
So shall this pleasant Plenitude of grace,
No Nauseous Surfet cause, in any case.
For, as Christ Jesus is that drink and meat,
Whereof each Sainted soul shal tast and eat:
So is he sweet, pleasant, and delicate,
Whereon they feed their fil, yet moderate,
Taking sufficient for their contentation,
And their beatitudes firm conservation.
Which truth is farther illustrated here,
In that tis said this tree of life doth bear,
Doth every month bear fruit, green, ripe, and fair,
Which with delights their appetites repair.
Not that the times shall then alternate be,
By years, months, dayes, as now-a-dayes we see,
For then the seasons cease, time's terminated,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, are then quite vanished,
As formerly was toucht: but here is meant,
That all things then shal give such rare content,

Shal be so full of rich variety,
Shall yeild such cordial sweet society
And with such fulness all the Saints shall feed,
As that to store and hoord up shall not need.
In that the harvest there shall ever last,
Their pleasant spring-time then shall nere be past.
Alto the Leaves of this most blessed tree,
Shal Salutiferous and most Sovereign be,
To help, to heal, to cure all Maladies,
Which 'mongst the Gentile Nations do arise.
So that this tree not only makes them live:
But to the Elect a healthful life doth give.
Yet here's not meant the Churches final state,
But that when antichrist is ruinate,
When God shal th'unbelieving Nations call,
And faithless Jews, who once from Grace did fall.
But by these leaves is chiefly intimated,
That all the smallest gifts, accomuodated
By th Lamb Christ Jesus to the Saints elect,
Shal serve some way their Souls with joy t'affect.
T'e'hilate and cheer their sacred mind,
In's meanest blessings they shall comfort find.
But now behold row follow him indeed
That which doth all the former joyes exceed:
The absolute accomplishment of all,
The accessary blessings, which befall
The Citizens of this rare Domicil,
Th'inhabitants of Gods great Sion-hill.
Namely, that in it there no curse shall be,
It shal be from destruction firmly free.
It shall be subject to no execration,
But strongly stand, fearless of alteration.
Which is a symbole, and a certain.y
Of this blest Cities perpetuity,

A most infallible strong argument,
That is eternall and most permanent.
A three-fold reason hereof may be given,
First, that (as is foresaid) this seat of heaven,
This holy habitacle shal contain
No unclean thing, which may its beauty stain.
Again, the glorious throne and sacred seat,
Whereon omnipotent Jehovah great,
Whereon the blessed trinity wil raign,
Shall here abide and evermore remain.
Lastly, in that all these his servants shall
With sincere Love and Zeal angelicall,
For ever invoke his sacred name,
And his due praises constantly proclaim:
Serving the Lord in singleness of heart,
Not once to wil from ^{his} worship to depart.
But Curses are (we know) for gross transgressors;
For disobedient stubborn Male-factors,
Not for th obedient, faithful and sincere:
Thus then, is their perennity most clear,
Moreover all the Saints of this blest race,
Shal see th'all-beautious, light-bright shining face
Of that arch essence of eternity,
To walk and talk with him familiarly:
And with inexplicable sweet delight
Have ful fruition of this sacred sight,
Not as he is, immense and infinite,
For so even angels see not his bright light,
Who are described covering their face
With their angelike wings: in any case
Not able to behold his glorious sight,
He infinite, they being definite.
Yet that we shall have his ful contemplation
Is certain, but with this just limitation,

First, in respect of us, we shal possess
 A perfect sight of Gods great holiness.
 The Lord in us, and we in him shal dwell
 In such full measure, as no tongue can tel;
 He wil replenish every faculty
 Offoul and body most abundantly,
 With his most precious presence: by his sight
 He'll fill our Minds, from darkness freed quite,
 Our hearts he'll quicken, there shal be no deadness,
 Our whole affections freed from gloomie sadness.
 What man is capable to comprehend,
 Even so great glory God wil then extend?
 Again, of that blest sight, which we shal have,
 No inter-mediums shal our sight deprave.
 Here, we as in a vision do him see,
 By mediate Revelation: then shal we
 Of him immediate perfect sight possess,
 Which none but those that have it, can express:
 A measure running over, heapt and prest;
 Will Christ bestow upon his Saints most blest.
 His name shal also in their fore-heads be.
 That is, they shal with such bold constancie
 And un-revolting zeal profess his name,
 That nothing shal obliterate the same;
 Or cause them once neglect their pure profession,
 By least relapse or indiscreet transgression.
 They shal be so conform'd, confirm'd therein,
 To persevere as they did first begin,
 Constant, couragious, evermore the same,
 Professing still Jehovah's glorious name.
 Again, his name is said (as here we see)
 Upon their fore-heads charactred to be,
 Because the Lord wil publicly agnize
 them, by this cognizance and Patronize

(By his all-seeing, and all-soveraign power)
Them and their states, as in a fenced tower.
And in this City there shal be no night,
No need of candle, Sun or Stars most bright,
That is, there shal be no obscurity.
Or darkness of adverte calamity,
No night of obumbratick cloudy Error,
No frightening Fear, nor no heart daunting terror,
No fly bie-fronted close hypocrisie,
Shall viriate their intact integrity,
No need of earthly comfort more or less,
No seeking, suing there, wrongs to redress,
By temp^rall laws, or ecclesiasticall,
For, there the trinity is all in all:
And is this glorious Cities great Lord-Keeper,
Most vigilant, and watchful, he's no sleeper,
And, which (as was promis'd) is the perfection,
And consummating of this benediction,
This glorious Kingdome, where Gods Saints shal reign,
Shal doubtless sempiternally remain,
Like glorified Kings most gloriously,
Their blis shal last, past all eternity .
Now as bounteous hearted King doth use,
When he a Fau^rite unto him doth chose,
On whom he meaneth largely to bestow
His golden gifts, like Rivers to ore-flow;
What he doth promise or by words proclaime,
By's Letters-patents ratifies the same:
Thus, O even thus our bounteous hearted Lord,
The heart of bounty Loves ore-flowing word,
Having his Church his favorite elected,
And promis'd she shal be by him erected,
Richly endow'd, gorgeously beautified
Rarely be royalliz'd and sanctified,

Her head adorned wth a Crown of Gold,
 A fragrant Garland which shal nere wax old,
 Triumphantly in endless joy shal reign,
 And see her subject, abject foes in pain;
 The Lord (I say) this promise having given,
 That all these joyes they shal possesse in heaven.
 To verifie his promise, and confirm
 What he hath said beyond times endless term,
 Hath given his Letters Patents, his broad Seal
 Ith' sacred Scriptures, which he'ele nere repeal;
 Seal'd by an angels testimony pure
 And as his act and deed given and made sure,
 To blessed *John*, in the behalf and right
 And to the use of all the *Saints of Light*.
 Which being done, makes thereof Proclamation,
 VVith most emphaticall asseveration,
 That he, the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
 Hath power to do, and wil perform these things.
 And surely, heaven and earth shal pass away,
 Yea, all things shal preposterously decay,
 Ere his pure word in one least jot or tittle,
 Shall fade or fail, or alter nere so little.
 VVhich, though some wretches athiesticall,
 Some *Nauious Neuter*, Satans tennis-ball,
 Some execrable Saduces (I say)
 VVhich do the resurrection deny,
 Though some vile *quakers* Pythagoricall,
 Or *Anabaptists* most Diabolicall,
 VVhich have suppos'd the spirits trans-migration
 From one to another in life consummation;
 VVhich do with devillish dotage them perswade,
 That theres no God which ere the world hath mad;
 Nor that the world ere had a prime beginning,
 And think and hold that it shal nere have ending.

Although such *Hectors* past all grace,
May entertain a thought, with brazen face,
And heart of flinty infidelity,
To think or say that the rare symmetry
Of this *Jerusalem* coelestial,
Seems as thing meer hyperbolicall,
Incredible to their belotted sense,
And past the reach of their intelligence;
Yet let the rabble of such miscreants know,
That ther's 'gainst them pronounc't a fearful wo;
There no-belief, or wavering un-belief,
Shal fil their souls with never ending grief:
And what they erst would not conceive in mind,
Their heart with smart shal then both feel and find.
Nor shal they have least part or portion here,
Of this great Cities pleasure, joy and cheer,
But from Gods presence shal be leperated,
Which is the second death nere terminated.
As for good *Abrahams* faithful Generation,
Who waver not in tottering hesitation,
Who have a hearty thirst, and thirsting heart
Of these rare pleasures once to have their part:
Whose hope past hope doth cause their souls aspire,
By faith in Christ this Kingdome to acquire,
Wherewith, ith' warfare of this life, they fight,
Fenc't with the bulwark of a zeal upright,
Arm'd at all points, with Christs blest furniture,
Wherewith they may most constantly endure
The fight spiritual, their Loins to tye
With the strong girdle of Christs Verity;
Havi ng the brest-plate on of righteousness,
To quench the Darts of hels ourtagiousness,
And on their head the helmet of salvation,
True peril prooffe 'gainst hel's most hot temptation,

The

The sword o'th^e Spirit, brandisht in their hand,
 Wherewith they may couragiously withstand
 That brood of *quakers Anabaptists* and the flesh;
 VVhich evermore assault the soul afresh
 VVith hot encounters, hellish stratagems,
 To keep them from the new Jerusalems
 Eternal blis: In which most faithfull fight
 If they magnanimously stand upright,
 Assisted by that all-proofe, fervent prayer,
 The godlies guard, supporter, and chiefe stayer,
 If thus they get (as thus being arm'd they shall)
 The conquest, ore those foes fierce Capitall,
 Even from the proud Pope their old enemy,
 VVhen he shall challenge them this fight to try,
 (As oft he wil) they nere by fraud or force,
 By terrours or by torment's leave their course
 Of constant perseverance to the end,
 But his hopes frustrate, and their souls defend:
 Then shall they like brave victors have the crown
 Of immortality of blest renown,
 Triumphantly to reign with Christ their King,
 And all their vertues as rich trophies bring,
 And lay before him, for which he wil give
 A crown, a Kingdome wherein they shal live,
 The Lord in them, and they in him shal dwel,
 As Christs co-heirs, whom he loves passing wel,
 And shal sit down with him as children dear,
 To Sup at's table with coelestial cheere,
 And then their thirst of this accomplishment
 Shal satisfyed be with ful content,
 Then shall the holy, happy, faithful, see
 The structure of this sacred frame to be
 Far more illustrious, admirable, rare,
 Than earthly things could possibly declare;

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

And that those Stones and gold were too too base,
To serve t'illustrate heav'ns coelestial place,
Whose boundless beauty all discourse transcendeth,
Whose infinite felicity nere endeth.

Yea, that tis such as that no mortal eye,
Could but as through a glass the same descry:
Such as no ear hath heard, no tongue ere told
The Majesty which there they shal behold,
Yea, such (I say) as never humane heart
Could ere conceive th' intogitable part.

O then, my soul, thou having contemplated
This City all with glory decorated,
Thou having viewd; with heart exulting pleasure,
The Majesty unparralleld, the matchless treasure,
The molt magnificent, majestick state,

Whereinto Christ wil his incorporate:
What wilt thou thereof with thy self conclude?
What wilt thou say of this beatitude?

Oh this, even this, with *Peter* and with *John*
At Christs admir'd transfiguration,

Tis good to make thy seat and mansion there,
Oh there tis best to dwel and dwel for ere.

Never did noble *Greece* so much affect
Their Poetiz'd *Elysean* fields aspect,
Never so much did wandring wise *Vlysses*
Desire his chaste *Penelopes* kind kisses:

Or rather, more divinely for to raise
My thoughts unto a more religious phrase,
Never did *Noah* more desire to see

Ararat's Hills, where he of's ark was free:

Nor *Sheba's* queen to see wise *Solomon*,

Nor at Christs birth more glad was *Simeon*,

Then doth my soul desire the'e heav'nly fields,
Which perfect pleasure, joy and comfort yeilds,

To see my Saviour sweet on Sion hill,
 My senses with his sacred sight to fill,
 To see him in his glorified state,
 Therein to be with him associate:
 Even in these Mansions of Eternity,
 To live in sure in pure felicity.
 Which happiness, though yet I may not have,
 Until my soul receive my corps from Grave,
 Until I mortal be immortalized,
 And with the sacred angels angelized;
 Until it clouds my Saviour come again,
 To re-collect th' Elect with him to reign.
 O yet, my soul, thy selfe delight and solace,
 To ruminate the joyes of that sweet Palace,
 To recapitulate the sacred pleasure
 The Saints shal then possels in plenteous measure,
 Even in the eternal palace Crytaline,
 The sacred seat of the United trine;
 The glorious Court and heav'nly presence Chamber
 Of heav'ns great Emp'rour, wonderful Commander,
 That *alpha* and *omega*, first and last,
 Who was, is, shal be, when all times are past,
 That mighty, powerful, One sole God most high,
 Th' eternal King, nay, self-eternity,
 Infinite, all in all, yet out of all,
 Of ends the end, of firsts Originall,
 The Life of Lives, Bounties ore-flowing flood,
 Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,
 Un-Seen, all-Seer, Stars-Guide, Sight of Seeing,
 That One-None which to Nothing gave a Beeing.
 There also shal my soul behold and see
 The most ineffable deep Mystery
 Of that incomprehensible trine-one,
 Sitting in glory in his gliftring throne,

Sounding an allarm to Britain.

With blessed Saints and angels comitaded,
With all the heavenly hoast of soul-beated
Prophets, Apostles, Parriarchs of old,
The noble band of Martyrs stout and bold;
Our Parents, Wives, our Children, Kindred, Friends,
Yea all to whom Christs saving health extends:
All of them clad in blis coelestial,
All shining bright in joy angelicail.
Wherein the prelence of their heavenly King,
They Hallelujah, Hallelujah sing
To him that sitteth on the throne most high,
Making a most harmonious Melody,
With sacred sugred Notes and heav'nly Songs,
Singing the praise which to the Lamb belongs.
This being their especia! exercise,
Their pleasant practise, customary guise,
Stil to behold the Lords most beautious face,
Burning with love of his most lovely grace,
Their mouthes stil fill'd with praises of his name,
In magnifying his immortall fame,
Without all tediousness or intermission,
Protected alwaies by his blest tuition,
O there is infinite, un-uttered joy!
Mirth without mourning, blis without annoy,
Health without sickness or pernicious humors,
Perfection without all soui tainting humors,
Peace without war, and light without darkness,
Love without hate, beauty without paleness,
Sweetness without all fulsome surfeiting,
Life without death, life ere continuing.
There are no sighs, no sobes, no penury,
No hunger, thirst, but with saturity,
No chilling, killing frosts, or least extremes,
No parching Sun-shine, with her piercing beams,

The Prophetickall Trumpeter

No wil to sin, no power to offend,
No enimie least mischief to intend.
Good *Paul* hath there no need to watch and pray,
To labour in the world both night and day;
And good old *Ierome* then may cease to afflict
Himself, so often, by a life most strict:
To conquer his spirituall enemy,
To overthrow the Serpents subtilty.
For theres all peace, security and rest,
That peace which can by no means be exprest:
Theres all perfection sacred Light excellling,
All sorrow, care, darkness, and dread expelling.
O life eternall! holy habitacle!
Heav'nly Jerusalem, Saints receptacle!
O amiable City of the Lord!
How should my soul thy prayes due record?
What excellent rare thing are said of thee?
What things are writ, are hop't, are found to be
In thee! thou hast the seat of glory sure,
That good-best good-God, joy and solace pure,
Which far exceeds the science and deep sense
Of humane reason and intelligence.
For which even Legions of Professors good,
And godly Martyrs have not spar'd their blood,
But with undaunted valiant courage have
Made Lyons, Tygres, Fire and sword their grave,
That after death they might enjoy that Crown,
Those Palms of peace, of honour and renown,
Wherewith thy Saints, O blest Jerusalem!
Are happifi'd in happiness supreme,
VValking as Kings, in those most gorgious streets,
VVhere each one nought but perfect pleasure meets:
In streets, I say, more precious than pure gold,
Glistring with glory wondrous to behold.

The

The Gates of which most holy habitation,
Are pearls of pearles price and valuation,
VVhose wall is all of precious stones most pure,
Incomparably rich and strong t endure,
There is that glorious Paradice coelestiall,
Surpassing Adams Paradice terrest riall,
VVherein are fluent Oyly Rivers Currents,
Fair brooks of butter and sweet Honney torrents.
Replenished with Garden-walks and Bowers, (ers,
VVith beds all wrought and frought with fragrant flow,
VVhose odoriferous rare variety
Afford most various sweet amenity,
VVhose curious colours, and whose lovely greene
Are alwaies fresh, are alwaies springing seen.
There, Hearts-ease, Saffron, Lillies and the Rose,
Do savour, sent, spring, spire, with sweet repose.
There all the Spices aromaticall,
T'afford delight and cheer the heart withall.
There is that soveraign Balsum med'cinable,
For sent and Salve most precious amiable.
All these in thee flourish without defect:
VVith these the Garlands of the Saints are deet,
VVithout corruption they continue stil,
And sprout and spring about this Sion hil.
In thee's that peace of God, which doth exceed
Mans understanding and faith wavering Creed,
There is that glory which doth all advance,
Obnoxious never unto change or chance.
Theres that eternal light as sure as pure,
That Sun of righteousness for ere t endure.
That white and bright blest Lamb of God most high,
VVho shews and shines most clear incessantly,
VVhich no time ever shal once terminate,
Nor no disastrous chance extenuate,

Theres

The Prophetical Trumpeter,

Theres day which never darkness doth admit.
There in their bowers of pleasure Saints do sit.
There also is certain security.
There shalt thou find secure eternity.
There all rare comforts from heav'ns glorious King
Successively, successfully do spring.
What ere the soul can wish, request, desire,
Is there at hand without the least enquire:
What ere thou lovest, there is to be found,
Only, what's ill, comes not in this blest ground.
Oh then, my soul, what pleasure infinite?
Oh what an Ocean of most sweet delight?
Yea, what a most profound and pure abyss;
Thus to behold the Lord of Lords, is this?
Thus to behold with ravisht admiration
The Lords bright face with sacred contemplation:
Yea, with thine eyes to see, what faiths dim eye
On earth was never able to espie,
Even that eternal trinity most blest,
Which can by man no sooner be exprest;
Than *Austines* seeming Lad could powre or lade
The mighty Ocean, into th'Shel he made
Without a bottome, that his Shel to fil:
No sooner can (I say) mans stupid wil:
Til his corruptiōd in-corruption be,
This holy Mytery clearly know and see.
But when thou mortal dost immortalize,
When Christ my King, thy soul once happifies,
Then shalt thou taste that God is good and gracious,
Then shalt thou Live in this his houie most spacious,
Then shalt thou taste the spring of life most sweet,
Then in the heav'ns thou shalt Christ Jesus meet,
Then shal thy water of terrestrial grieve
Be turn'd into the wine of sweet reliefe:

Then

Then shall thy Sobs be turned into Songs,
 Then shalt thou triumph for thy worldly wrongs;
 O then in that most sacred glorious fight
 Is to be found the fulness of delight,
 Of wisdom, beautie, riches, knowledge pure,
 Of happiness for ever to endure,
 Of goodness, joy, and true Nobilitie,
 Of treasure, pleasure, and felicitie,
 Of all that merits love or admiration,
 Or worketh comfort, or sure contentation.
 Yea, all the powers, and powerful faculties
 Of soul and bodie shal partake likewise,
 Shal be sufficed with the full fruition
 Of heav'ns eternal glorious vision.
 God unto all his sacred Saints shal be
 Their universal sweet felicitie,
 Containing each particular delight
 Which may affect th'aspect of their blest sight:
 Infinite both for number and for measure,
 And without end shal be their endless pleasure.
 To th'eyes he shal be a *Mirror cleer,*
Melodious Musick to delight the ear:
 To th'Palate he shal be *Mellifluous Mell,*
 Sweet spiring Balm for to refresh the Smel.
 Unto the understanding he shal bee
 A Light most bright and pure it h high'st degree,
 To th'Will he shal be perfect contentation,
 To th'Memory erelasting continuation.
 In him we also shal injoy, possess,
 What ever various time could here express:
 Yea, all the beauties of his rarest creatures,
 Which may our love allure by their sweet features,
 All joy and pleasure to content the minde,
 Such as it h creatures selves we nere could find.

This sight (Isay) is th'angels chiefeft treasure,
 The Saints repast, repose and princely pleasure,
 This is their everlasting life, their crown,
 Their Meed, their Majestie, their high renown,
 This their rich rest, their spacious specious palace,
 Their outward, inward joy, and soveraign solace:
 Their Paradise divine, their Diadem,
 Their ample bliss, their blest Jerusalem,
 Their peace of God past all imagination,
 Their full beatitude and sweet salvation,
 To see him who them made, re-made, made Saints,
 Him seeing to possess without restraints:
 Possessing him to love him as their King,
 And loving him to praise him, as the Spring,
 And Fountain of this all-felicity,
 And praising ever this blest trinitie.
 O then my soul, cease not to like, to love,
 These admirable lovely joyes above:
 And though thy corrupt flesh is th' obstacle,
 And stays, delays from this blest habitacle:
 Although thy flesh like churlish *Nabal* frown,
 Refuse the pains to seek this sacred crown:
 Yet let thy Spirit like good *Abigail*,
 Go forth to find this place angelical.
 Let *Hagar*, never get her Mistris place,
 Nor *Ismael* good *Isaac*, so disgrace;
 But strive most strenuously, fight that good fight,
 Subdue thy flesh, withstand proud Satans might:
 And with the eye of faith believe, desire
 To live with Christ, pray seek, sue and inquire;
 Pray earnestly to Christ thy King above,
 In burning zeal, firm faith and burning love.
 For, what's this world? nought but a flouting fancie,
 A theatre of vainnes, pleasant phrensic.

A sine of sin, a shop of all deceit,
 Iniquities chief center and sure seat,
 A Map, a mirror of all miserie,
 A Dnngeon of most dire calamitie,
 Lovely to look on like the *Semler Whore*,
 But dangerous to deal with evermore :
 A mazie Labyrinth of impious errors,
 A camp of Cruelty, of tears and terrors,
 Constant in nought, but in inconstancy,
 And most unconitant in that constancie :
 In nought the same, save not to be the same,
 And of being, but a very name : *a*
 Sill floating, fleeting, never at a stay,
 Hates on the morrow whom it loves to day.
 Yea, tis a *Isab* ful of craft and guile,
 Kills his Embracers with a traiterous smile.
 A Wraister 'tis, and trippeth up the heels,
 Of many a man ere he its grasping feels :
Solomon wise, strong *Sampson* so renownd,
 It made their lengths to measure on the ground.
 Therefore to love the world, is nought els, sure,
 Then to her *Lime-twigs* thy poor soul r'allure,
 Which so the feathers of thy faith will marre,
 Thy soul, if 't may be, from heav'n's joyes to barre.
 Why then my soul, shouldst thou to the earth be thral,
 Which hast a heav'nly blest Original ?
 Why shouldst thou pin thy thoughts on mortal things
 Who art immortal from the King of Kings ?
 And, why shouldst thou a sp'rit invisible,
 Be pleas'd with things both gross and visible ?
 Striving to pamper thy corrupted bodie,
 Whose definition is indeed, that *Both-die* :
 Both Soul and Body, when the Flesh gives way
 To Sin and Satan in their dire decay.

And hence it is, that *Latinists* likewise,
 Thus *Corpus* fitly etimologize :
 For which was once the heart of pure perfection,
 Is thus made *Pus*, all filth and foul infection.
 Why then shouldst thou ~~cherish~~ thy self so low depress,
 Who art of high celestial Nobleness,
 One of thy Fathers first-born children deer ;
 Whose name in Heavns blest Records may appear.
 Why should the worlds false promises delude thee,
 Since heav'n with grace & goodness hath indu'd thee.
 Wilt thou a Princes Son, a heavenly Prince,
 Let Satans gilded apples thee convince ?
 Wilt thou the Son of heav'ns all-sacred King,
 Offend thy father for so vile a thing ?
 Wilt thou thy birth-right *Esau*-like forgo
 For one dire mess of broth, bewitching wo !
 Oh. no! deceitful *Dalilah* a-dieu,
 Thy *Syrens Songs*, my soul doth most eschew.
 Thy *Crocodile*-like tears which would betray me,
 By heav'ns preventing-grace shal never slay me :
 For all thy bitter-sweets, false protestations,
 My soul esteemeth but hellish incantations. *S*
 Wherefore as *Ammon* being once defiled
 With his own Sister, whom he had beguiled,
 After the fact, did hate her ten times more
 Then ever he had loved her before :
 So I, whom thy false friendship once defiled,
 VVhom thy deceitful ambush once beguiled :
 I hate, abominate thy mischief more,
 Than ere I lov'd or liked thee before.
 As sea-men Rocks, as Children Scorpions flie :
 So (Oh my soul!) hate worldly vanity.
 And, oh! what's he, that would not leave most glad
 Worlds vanities so finite, base and bad.

For pleasures infinite : VVhats he would take
Fraudulent joyes, and permanent forsake :
None doubtless, none, but Dastards void of grace,
None but faint-hearted, fearful cowards base.
The resolute couragious Christian bold,
Dares deaths grim face confront, see and behold,
Dares death defie, and his approach desire,
Because by death, he knows he shal acquire
The end of all his hopes, for deaths the Key
Which opes the door to true felicitie.
Yea, 'tis no pain, but of all pains the end,
The gate of heav'n and ladder to ascend.
And death's the death of all his storms and strife,
And sweet beginning of immortal Life.
Therefore with smiling count'nance, merrily
To heav'n his place of rest he casts his eye :
And in his heart these thoughts are oft revolved,
Unfeignedly I wish to be dissolved.
To be with thee (O Christ my Saviour sweet)
Thee my deer eldest brother for to meet.
I see thee Christ, I see thee heav'nly home,
I gladly would and quickly to thee come.
I see thee, O thou Saints celestial place,
I much desire I once had run my race.
But though I cannot with *Elias* run,
Ith' strength o'th spirit in this race begun,
Unto the heav'nly Canaan : yet give Grace,
Though I with *Iacob* halt, to halt apace :
And if not so, yet that at least I may
Like to an infant, learn to creep the way :
And grow from strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Until I come in presence of thy face.
For I am weary of this pilgrimage,
And long for thee my heav'nly heritage.

How oft have I thee view'd with admiration?
 How oft hast thou been my souls meditation?
 How oft have I been raviht with desire,
 That unto thee my soul might once aspire?
 How oft have I been scorn'd and vili-pended
 Earths most unpleasant pleasures quickly ended?
 Being compared to those joyes above,
 Which from my heart, my soul doth dearly love:
 My heart, my life, my blis, my joy, my gem,
 My soules dear soul is *New-Ierusalem*.
 And now I come, my joyes I come to you,
 For whom, I did so often seek and sue.
 I pain and death do heartily imbrace,
 So that my soul amongst you may take place:
 Yea, though ev'n hel it self were in my way,
 And would my journey stop, disturb, or stay,
 I would it pass, and hazard hells annoy,
 To live with Christ in his cælestial joy.
 And, surely, since heath'nish *Cleon brother*
 Did seem (but desp'rately) so valorous,
 Hearing his Master *Plato* once discourse
 Of *immortalitie*: with furious force
 (From an high Rock) himself did head-long throw,
 In hope to be *immortalized* so:
 O how much rather then, I pray, ought I,
 Dying it'h Lord, a thousand death's to die,
 To be invest'd in that perfect glory,
 Shown and assur'd in truths most faithful Story? *℟*
 He di'd in bare opinion, *Souls blind-love*,
 I die in *faith* and *knowledg* from above:
 He onely hop'd to have immortal Life,
 I, for immortal rest and glory rise;
 He went unsent-for, I am oft invited,
 Even Christ himself my soul hath oft incited:

Sounding an allarum to Britain.

Incited oft, I say, with resolution,
And *Pauls* firm faith, to wish for Dissolution.
Shal then his *Pagan-courage* mine excel?
Shal fear of death my *Christian-courage* quell,
Since my sure ground than his, is much more firm,
And death to me is but my sorrows term?
And that my soul i'th end shall sure exult, *u*
Although the way seem somewhat difficult?
O no, my soul, be valorous and stout,
With constant courage persevere, hold out.
None fight but with a hope of victory:
Thy fight wel finisht, brings eternitie.
If one shoul say unto a Captain stout,
Go forward with bold courage, fight it out;
Do but thy utmost, fight and give not over,
For, thou in th'end the conquest shalt recover.
Would any *David* his *Goliath* flie?
From whom he's sure to win the victorie.
Would any *Gideon* such a fight refuse?
Could any valiant *Ioshua*, think you, chuse
But enter combat with the proudest Foe?
Whom he with triumph surely shal orethrow.
My *Saviour* sweet even thus to me hath said;
Take courage, *Christian Souldier* ben't afraid,
Do thou thy utmost, Satan to with-stand:
For I will be propitious at thy hand.
Fight valiently. and though thy Foes fierce might
May hap to bring thee on thy knees i'th fight,
May often foil thee by his crafty snare,
Yea, though his claws were ready thee to rare,
Yet I wil raise thee up, Ile thee defend,
And thou shalt sure be victor in the end.
Who then (I say) what's he would be so base,
As not this proffer gladlie to imbrace?

The Prophetickall Trumpeter.

Who could with vile pusillanimity,
So free a Conquest coward-like deny?
Shal doting Lovers for their Ladies fight,
And for their sakes account all danger flight!
Shall Merchants venture both lives and goods, *their*
For wealth & pelf through th' Oceans dangrous floods?
Yea, shal the ship-boy gladly undergo
All hazards which or Sea or shore can show?
Onely in hope to gain a Masters place.
And to obtain a cunning Pilots grace.
And shal my Soul turn coward, fear and flie?
Shal not my soul controle that enemy?
Whom Christ my General first overthrew,
And thereby all his subtilties wel knew:
And knowing them hath taught me how to fight,
Me to defend; him offend, put to flight;
Yea, and hath promis'd hee assistant bee,
And in my weakness caule my foe to flee;
And underneath my feet pull Satan down,
And me as victor, graciously wil crown.
O then my soul! stand stoutly to't and fear not,
Christs sacred arms in vain about thee bear not.
Fight this good fight, and let proud Satan know,
Christ being Captain, thou'lt him overthrow,
For, if *Heavens King* by grace be on thy side,
Thou needst not fear what ere do thee betide:
No danger sure, can in that Battel bee,
Where thou for *Christ*, and *Christ* doth fight for thee.
And here's my comfort, this is my souls icay,
That whether Satan wound or do me slay,
Dyefleshly body,, so my soul may live,
Christ to my soul the Palm of grace wil give.
But as a mighty Emp'rour which proclaims
At some great Feast *Olympick warlike Games*,
Wherein

Whetein to him which proves the Conqueror,
And doth the best exploits, this Emperor
Wil give a crown, his valor to reward;
And him with Kingly favour wil regard.
But not the Emp^rour unto him descends,
But he to th' Emp^rors Gallery ascends,
There from his Princely hand to take the Crown,
The triumph, trophy, of his high renown,
Even so the Christian Souldier having gained
The victory, for which he long had strained
With all his power spiritual, to quel
The rage of rav nous sin, and Satan fel,
Musts from the worlds Lists in a blessed end
By death, Heav[']ns glorious Gallery ascend,
There, from the hands of Jesus Christ himself
To take a Crown far passing worldly pelt;
A Crown of joy, even glories plenitude,
A Crown of blifs, even heav[']ns beatitude.
Not as the *Meede* of his deserving merit,
But as the free gift of Gods sacred Spirit;
For having done what ever I am able,
Yet my best service is unprofitable,
Only in mercy he is pleas d to Crown
His own good gifts in me to my renown.
O! therefore death, shal be my welcome guest,
Death, which tran slates from la Sour unto rest,
From worldly sorrow, to heav[']ns joyes encrease,
From wo to weale, from trouble to sweet peace.
From earth the itage of instability,
To heav[']n the fortress of true constancie.
Go then you godless Heliogabolites,
You drunken Vicars, proud cosmopolites,
Go please your selves in swearing, teasing, fighting,
And not what's just, but what's your lusts delight in.

Go please your selves with rich and large extent
 Of wealthy Mannors, stately tenements,
 Grow proud to see your underlings beslaved,
 And by your greatness wrongfully outbraved,
 To see your ward-roabs stuff with proud apparel,
 Your mouths with oathes, your thoughts with strife &
 To have variety of worldly pleasure, (quarrel.
 Delicate Gardens, Coffers full of treasure.
 Treasure (said I?) nay white and yellow clay,
 Bewitching Mammon, Sin-bane, souls decay:
 Or if theres ought that doth you more allure,
 Or which you would with more content procure,
 Use it, possess it, yet for all this know,
 You shall it all with shame and smart forgo.
 Yea God wil take at deaths disastrous day,
 Your Lands (your life) your goods (your Gods) away.
 This, this (alas) did cause the Prophets cry,
 This mov'd S. Paul with zealous ardency,
 'Gainst worldlings to cry out, and them accuse,
 That they themselves, their souls would so abuse,
 Such lying vanities so to respect,
 So sottishly their Souls health to reject,
 In Egypt, straw and stubble for to buy,
 Yea Straw I say and chaffe, which finally
 Would their own house burn down and ruinate,
 And head-long them to hel precipitate.
 Whereas their saviour at a cheaper price
 Would sel them gold, pure gold, rare Merchandise,
 Even all the Golden joyes and sweet delight
 Of Paradise coelestial, sacred sight:
 That Pearl of blest salvation, which to buy
 The wisest Merchant would most joyfully
 Sel all his worldly treasure, earthly pelfe,
 With this rare jewel to enrich himself.

And

And whats his price? O cheap, and nought else, sure,
But what thou maist thy self with ease procure,
Only thy heart, tis only this, he craves:
This given to God, both soul and body saves,
Not that thy God is better by the same,
But thou made blest, to magnifie his Name,
'Tis onely thine not his good, he desire;
And for this good he only thine requires,
Oh therefore silly, simple, sinful man,
What greater madneis? tel me, if thou can?
Than such a proffer, fondly to refuse,
Than death for life, for treasure, Straw to choose;
For precious liquor, Fountain water good,
To choose foul puddles stinking ful of mud;
Oh more then mad men thus to take more pain;
Head-long to run to hel with might and main:
Then even the holiest Sainis to go to heaven,
Who oft with treats and threats are thereto driven.
But (O my soul) thy Saviours Counsel take;
O do not thou his bounty so forsake!
Go buy of him, give body, heart and all,
To purchase this rare Gem angelicall.
And with that royal Shepheard *David* say,
O thou my soul trust in the Lord alway:
Yea in his awe and Law take thou delight,
O like, love, love look on this both day and night.
Let it be thy arithmetick, alwayes
To take account and number out thy dayes.
A Deaths head let thy chiefe companion be,
An hour glasse remembrancer to thee.
Let thy chiefe study be continually,
How to live wel, and blessedly to dye.
So shalt thou (O my soul) most happy be,
When thou of that blest Citie art made free;

When

When thou, amongst that sacred hierarchie
 Shal sing sweet tones and tunes melodiously;
 With heav'ns Psalmical harmonious quire
 Of Saints and Angels zealous, hot as fire,
 The Diapason of whose heav'nly Layes
 Doth warble forth heav'ns due deserved praise,
 Where thou being grac't and plac't in heav'nly state,
 In precious pleasure ne're to terminate,
 Being sweetly rap't in heav'nly extasie,
 Christ and his Churches Epithalamy,
 My sainted soul with surged voice shal sing,
 To God in Christ my three-one heav'nly King:
 O happy Citizens enfranchis'd there!
 O joyful quiristers singing so cleare!
 Victorious souldiers thus to be trans-planted!
 Where peace for war, where life for death is granted.
 Happy wert thou (my soul) most truly blessed,
 If thou wert once of this rare joy possessed:
 That then I might be fill'd and never sated
 With that rare light, which once initiated;
 Shal last for aye without times dissolution,
 Shal be most specious without all pollution.
 Therefore my heart (as hart being chaff and chased
 By furious hounds most nimbly tract and traced)
 Desires the water-brook his heat t'allay,
 That so refresht, he thence may scud away:
 Even so my heart (O Lord) desires to see
 Those Crystall streams of Life which flow from thee!
 Sighes, sues, pursues, her Countrey to recover,
 Here abject, subject, too too triumpht over
 By my three fierce and furious enemyes:
 Who seek my soul t'insnare and sin-surprize,
 Even Satan that old hunter and his hounds,
 The *quakers*, *Hectors* which give my soul deep wounds.
 Who

Who more like ravening wolves would fain devour
And captivate my soul in hellish power,
But thy preventing grace (O spring of Grace)
Preserves my soul, dis-nerves their horrid chace;
And as a Bird out of the Fowlers Grin,
And as Noes Dove looking to be let in,
Into the Ark of thine eternal rest:
My tyred soul is unto the addrest,
My soul with worlds encumbrances oppressed;
Desires (O Lord) to be by thee refreshed,
My soul doth thirst and hasteth to draw near,
And longs before thy presence to appear,
O tree of Life! O ever-living spring!
Whose laud and praise the heav'nly host do sing!
O when shal I come and appear in sight
Of thee, the Sun of righteousness most bright?
When shal my soul by thine all-saving hand,
Be led with joy from forth this Desert Land?
When shal I leave this Wilderness of wo,
Wherein my soul is tossed to and fro?
I sit alone; as one a house the sparrow:
Ith' Vale and Dale of tears, fears, fighes and sorrow.
O lead (dear Christ) my love-sick soul by th' hand,
From this vast wilderness drie thirsty Land:
To thy wine-Cellers, that I there may tast
Of thy wine-flagons thou prepared hast.
Comfort me with the apples of thy grace,
With thy Hid-Manna strengthen my weak case.
With heav'nly Milk and Honny (Lord) make glad
My heart, which worlds afflictions hath made sad,
O Let me once from wisdomes sacred Lip,
Celestial Nard, and Rosean Liquor sip.
Yea, let me satiate mine insatiate thirst,
With that sweet Milk wherewith thy Saints are nourish't.

I thirst, O Lord, I thirst, thou art the wel,
 O quench my thirst, and let me with thee dwel,
 I hunger, Lord, I hunger, thou art bread,
 Even bread of Life, O let my soul be fed.
 I seek thee, Lord, yet stil I go astray,
 Through high-waies, by-wayes, yet I miss the way:
 Thou art, (O Lord) the perfect way and dore,
 My soul will follow, if thou go before.
 Direct my feet to leave the paths of sin,
 Ope glories gate, and let my soul go in.
 Let it be riches to me to possels thee;
 Let it be gloy to me to confesse thee;
 Let it be clothes, Christ Jesus to put on;
 Let it be food, his word to feed upon;
 Yea, let it be my life, to live and dye,
 For Christ my King, and for his verity.
 So shal my riches be to me eternall,
 So shal my glory be with Christ supernal,
 So shal my clothing stil be fair and new,
 So shal my food be Manna heav'nly dew,
 So shal my life nere fade, but ever spring,
 Being stil preserv'd by Christ my Lord and King.
 But, oh alas! when shal I see that day?
 That day of gladness never to decay,
 That day of Jubile when all are glad,
 That day when all rejoyce, none can be sad?
 Whose endless time and never fixed date,
 Eternity shal never exterminate..
 That Saints blest birth-day, which shal nere have eve-
 That lasting day to which no night gives ending, (ning
 That rare Grand-Jubile, that Feasts of feasts.
 Sabbaths of sabbaths, endless rests of rests.
 To which least care shal never dare come neare,
 Wherein the Saints shal shake off palid fear.

O pure, O pleasant, most desired day
Of that eternal springing month of May!
In which my soul shal evermore rejoyce,
In which my soul shal hear that happy voice,
Enter (blest soul) into thy Masters joy,
Enter into sweet rest without annoy;
Enter into the House of Christ thy King,
Where peace and plenty mirth and joy do spring,
Where thou shalt find things most to be admired,
Where thou shalt have what most thy soul desired.
Joyes infinitely numberless, I say,
And various pleasures infinitely gay:
Unspyable, unspeakable by man,
Immutable, inscrutable to scan;
Where I, thy soul wil feed, wil feast, wil fil:
Feed with spiritual food of my blest wil,
Feast with the dainties of delight most pure,
And fil with glory which shal e'te endure.
Enter, I say, and hear that melody,
Which comprehends dateless festivity.
Where is all good, no evil to abuse:
Where's all thou wishest, nought thou wouldst refuse,
Where's life e're-living, sweet and amiable,
Where is true fame and glory memorable,
Where is, I say, certain security,
Securest peace and peaceful pleafancie;
Most pleasant joy, and joyful happiness,
Happy eternity, eternal Blessedness;
The blessed trinity in Unity:
The Unities trine-one rare deity.
The Deities three-one's most blessed Vision,
Which is our Masters joy in ful fruition,
O joy of joyes, O joy beyond all pleasure!
Far passing far transcending terrene treasure.

O joy without annoy, O true content!
 O soveraign bliss, and soules sweet ravishment!
 O everlasting Kingdome, supreme peace!
 Where all the Saints enjoy such joyes encrease,
 Where all the Saints are clothed with pure Light,
 As with a Garment shining glorious bright:
 Their heads adorn'd with crowns of purest Gold,
 And precious stones most glorious to behold;
 Whole only exercise is to rejoyce,
 To triumph, and to sing with sacred voyce,
 Sweet hallelujah to their soveraign King,
 Which them to this felicity did bring.
 Oh when shall my poore soul be made partaker
 Of this great joy, O thou my Lord and maker!
 VVhen shal I see thee in it, it in thee?
 And therein dwel I in thee, thou in me?
 Surely (O Lord) I wil make hast and fly,
 Ile make no stay, but post most speedily.
 Ile never cease to seek, til I have found,
 Ile not leave knocking til my soul be crown'd.
 Ile ne're leave asking, til thou hast me given
 My boon, thy bounty, even those ioyes of heaven:
 Since then, I say, such is heavens majesty!
 And since this world is but meere misery:
 VVhat is't can hinder this my speedy pace,
 VVhich I must run, til I have run my race;
 Can worldly power or principality?
 Can kingly favours, wealth or dignity?
 Can worldly pleasures, pleasant unto some?
 Can height or depth, things present, things to come?
 Oh no, with *Paul* Ile all abominate,
 Ere they shal me from Christs love seperate.
 Ile cry avaunt you soul betraying joyes,
 Which Bee-like bring the sting of dire annoyes.

Avaunt

Avaunt, I say, worlds momentary pleasure,
Worlds transitory toyes, Earths trashie treasure:
The love of Christ hath so inflam'd my heart,
That as I trust, it nere shal thence depart;
And, Lord, confirm, strengthen this Faith of mine,
O let it never faint, fail, or decline.

But wo to me, poor wretch, who still am fain
Amongst the tents of *Meshech* to remain:
To have my habitation amongst the rout
Of *Quakers* most ungodly, stubborn, stout.
The time me thinks, is much procrastinated,
O that the date thereof were terminated.
Ah me! how long shall it be said to me,
Wait, wait, expect, and thou the time shalt see?
And shalt thou see? my soul thou art too blame,
I must accuse thee (O my soul!) for shame
Think not the time too long count it not much,
That with these tryals God thy faith should touch.
For as a Goldsmith waits most carefully
Upon his gold, which he i'th fire wil try;
That when tis burnd enough and purifide,
It may not in the fire to wast abide:
So God his children dear attends upon,
When in the fire of dire affliction
He purposeth to purifie and try them:
When thus enough refined he doth spie them:
By no means will he suffer them to wast,
But for their comfort to them soon wil hast.
As that most rare pair-Royal wel did know:
Good *Shedrach*, *Mishach*, and *Abednego*:
Whom he i'th *Babylonian* fire did prove,
Yet so respected in his sacred love;
That not so much as one hair of their head.
Was burnt or findg'd, or once diminished.

O then, my soul, if God have such a care,
 As from thy head not one small simple hair
 Can fall to th^e ground, without his providence:
 O then have thou assured confidence,
 That he thy soul wil nere permit to perish,
 But in due time wil thee refresh and cherish;
 And say with *Iob*, That man of God most just:
Lord, though thou kil me, I wil in thee trust.
 Yea, then confels (as tis) that all the wo,
 Which in this life for Christ thou undergo;
 That all earths torments or afflicting toyes,
 Are most unworthy heav^{ns} most blisful joyes.
 Heav^{ns} joyes for weight and measure infinite,
 Earths pains to death, but slender, small and slight.
 Heav^{ns} joyes most perfect, absolutely pure,
 Earths choicest pleasures pain and grief procure.
 Heav^{ns} joyes are sempiternal, everlasting,
 Earths joyes meere toyes, stil fleeting, ever wasting.
 O then (my soul) have patience, do not grudge,
 Lest so thou make thy Christ thine angry Judge:
 Give patience, Lord, thy sacred wil to bear,
 And then receive my soul, how, when, or where.
 For as no gold nor silver can be pure,
 Until the fires burning it endure:
 Nor Stones for Palace work can wel be fit,
 Til they with hammers oft be cut and smit:
 No more, I say, is^t possible that we
 Vessels of honour in Gods house can be:
 Til we be find and melted in the fire
 Of worldly crosses and afflictions dire.
 Neither can we as living stones have place,
 Jerusalems coelestial walls to grace;
 Unless the hammers of Earths tribulation,
 Oft bruise the flesh to work the souls salvation.

But though thy servants, Lord, may oft be tempted,
 Yet can they never finally be tainted,
 They ne're can be surpris'd, though oft assailed,
 For why, heav'n's safeguard hath them never tailed.
 Christians and persecutions joyne together,
 Like Christ and's cross, few calms much stormy weather
 Ere th' Israelites to th' Land of *Promise* came,
 Their temp'ral *Canaan*, *Canaan* of such fame;
 Th' endur'd much danger, many miseries:
 And shal not I, most patiently likewise
 Endure all dangers, all anxiety;
 Shal I not undergo all misery,
 In this my journey to heav'n's holy Land;
 O yes, with constant courage to it stand.
 For why, I'm sure the more I here endure,
 My joyes in heav'n shal be more pure.
 And who would not to heav'n go joyfully,
 Though with *Elias* he in whirl-winds flye;
 Grant therefore, Lord, I take earths *Notuments*
 As precious balm, as my souls *Documents*.
 Confirm my faith with constant resolution,
 To wait, and fit me for my dissolution:
 To wait for thee my Saviour, staff and stay,
 Til thou shalt change my bodies house of clay;
 That like thy glorious Body it may be,
 That so thy power and glory I may see:
 That I may hear and see, and bear a part,
 In heav'n's heart-charming musick sacred art,
 In that rare comfort of *Mel-Melody*,
 At Christs rare *Nuptials* blest solemnity,
 Come then, Lord Jesus, oh, I cannot cease,
 To wish my soul in thine eternal peace,
 Give me, O Lord, good *Stephens* Eagles-eye,
 Through thickest clouds heav'n's glory to espye.

Give me (O Lord) a voice angelicall,
With Heart unfeigned on thee thus to call:
How long (O Lord) how long wilt thou delay?
Lord Jesus come, come quickly, do not stay;
Make halt and tarry not, I thee intreat,
And draw my soul from earth to heavenly seat,
For why? I fear (Lord falsifie my fear)
That Satan wil'gainst me such malice bear,
To cause my refractory flesh to stir
My soul unto Rebellion: so t'incur
Thy wrath and indignation for the same,
My stubborn flesh, therefore (Lord) curb and tame.
O, free me from this Fleshly Prison strong,
Wherein my soul hath fettered lyen too long:
Fett' red I say, yea fest' red more's my shame,
More art thou *flesh*; and much more I too blame,
Who oft with Adam fondly have aspired,
And with vain-glory led, have oft desired
The fruit o'th' Tree of Knowledge for to eat,
Not of the Tree of Life, more *soveraign meat*,
And to be red in any other Book,
Much *pride and pleasure* I have often took,
Than in my *Book of conscience*, to behold,
The wo whereinto sin doth me infold.
With *wontons* I oft view'd *Prides Looking-Glass*,
But not *times Dyal*, how my dayes did pass.
Yea, on *earths follies* I have fixt mine eyes:
Gazing on blazing worldly vanities.
Yet Lord I know that as thou hast a book,
wherein my faults are writ on them to look:
So thou a *Bottle* hast, wherein to keep
My contrite tears, when I for Sin do weep.
And though my self unworthy I *agnize*
Unto thy throne to lift my sinful eyes:

For I my self unworthy do not find
 To weepe before thee til mine eyes be blind.
 Lord then vouchsafe, vouchsafe I thee beseech,
 An ear an answer to my souls sad speech.
 O come Lord Iesus, come I humbly pray.
 Speake peace unto my soul, O do not itay:
 Bind up my wounds, make whole my malady
 With the Samaritans sweet charity,
 Into my sore, powre thou the Oyle of gladness;
 Revive my soul from sin constrained sadness.
 O bring my soul out of this mire and mnd,
 This sinck of sin where I too long have stood:
 mite off my Fetters of iniquity,
 As thou didst Peters in captivity,
 Stop in me all the conduits of transgression,
 Break Satans weapons of my souls oppression,
 Sea, let my eyes be as continual Lavers
 To wash and clense sins ulcers stinking savours:
 For a clean Lord (I know) takes delectation,
 To have a clean heart for his habitation.
 Give therefore grace (O Lord) whiles here I live,
 That I a bil of due divorce may give
 Unto that harlot sin, which too-too-long
 Hath by false Flattery done my soul much wrong,
 O, double, treble happy were I sure,
 Once I might put off sins rage impure,
 Those Menstruous cloathes wherewith I am disguised,
 Whereby thine Image in mee's not agnized:
 Whereby in thy pure sight I am but loathed.
 Therefore that my soul might once be cloathed
 With thy most Royal Robes of righteousness,
 My seamless, spotless Coat of Holyness,
 And therein be presented to the Sight
 Of my great Lord the Father of all Light,

And be ingrafted and incorporate,
Into this *New-Ierusalem's* blest state,
Ino this Kingdome evermore existing,
Into this Kingdome all of joy consistant:
Where all thy Saints and Sacred Angels reign,
By thee their mighty Lord and sovereign,
Cloathed in veytures of the purest white,
Stil in the presence of thy sacred sight:
Their heads adorn'd with Crowns of purest Gold,
Of preeceious tones, rich Pearls rare to behold.
Thou Lord alone being the Diadem
Of these thy Saints in this *Ierusalem*:
Whose only sight, is their beatitude,
Which duers for aye without vicissitude.
But Lord, it may be thou maist say to me,
Alas, poor soul, wouldst thou my beauty see?
None ere could see the glory of my face
And lives on earth, such is mans mortal case.
Lord, thus I answer, and I this confesse,
That thy coelestial glorious holiness
Is so immense, so infinite, so rare,
So great, so glorious, gracious, specious, fair,
That no flesh living can it see, and live,
Yet to my soul (O Lord) this mercy give,
That so it may behold thy sacred sight,
Let death with thousand deaths my body smite;
So my poore Soul may see thy Majesty,
Let death my breath, and Life end speedily.
Oh then, I say, and ne're shal cease to say,
O three-fold, four-fold happy, sure, as they,
Who by a pious life and blessed end,
By Christ, heav'ns Ladder, to heav'ns joyes ascend,
Who for the minutes of Earths Lamentation,
Enjoy heav'ns endless years of consolation,

Sounding an Allarum to Britaine.

Who from this earthly prison are set free,
And in heav'n's Palace live, O Christ, with thee:
Yea, who being dead to sin and Earthly toyes,
Are there in plenitude of perfect joyes,
But oh most wretched miserable I,
Who (in the Flouds of worlds mortality,
By huge heav'n-mounting, hel descending waves,
By Rocks, Syrths, whirlpoles, al which seem my graves)
Am stil constrain'd to sail through dangers great,
Which waters, winds, weather, together threat:
And, which is more, I most terroniously
Through ignorance, oft wander clean away;
I lose my way, and then am danger'd most,
Not knowing whither my poor ship doth coast:
Being thus expos'd to seas all jeopardies,
Like *Jonah*, when from *Ninive* he flies,
Tost to and fro, even into the Maw of hel,
By furious hound which 'gainst me rage and swel:
So that my way to th' Harbour of my rest
Thus being lost my soul is sore oppress.
But which is worst, whiles thus to thee I sail,
I meet Sea-Monsters which do me assail:
Resistful Remoraes do strive to stay me,
And huge *Leviathan* gapes wide to slay me;
Lifes, toyes and troubles, Satans craft and power,
Nould stay my voyage, and would me devour.
Restless, redressless thus I store about,
Hnd for thy heavenly my soul cryes out.
Wherefore Sea-calming, wind-controllly Lord,
To my perplexed soul thine aid afford;
For if thou wilt (O Lord) thou canst me cherish:
O therefore help, or else my soul wil perish.
One Depth (O Lord) another in doth call,
As waves break out and on each other fall:

The depth of my calamity profound,
 Doth iavocate thy Mercies which abound.
 I call and cry from many waters deep,
 My soul from sinking (Lord) preserve and keep.
 O keep me from these dangers imminent,
 Which have my silly soul on all sides pent.
 Let thine outstretched arm, upholding grace;
 Once bring my soul unto *her resting place*,
 From floods of worldly *infelicity*,
 Into the *Haven of eternity*.
 How long, O Lord, how long wilt thou prolong,
 Thy wrath t'appease and ease me, from among
 These dire *death-threatening-dangers*? O direct
 My way to thee, my hope to thee erect.
 My *confidence* re-plant in thee, I pray,
 That so these tempests may me not dismay;
 That so these floods, though flow, may not com neer me
 That so these blasts, though blow, may not lo *fear me*,
 Thou being my un-rocking rock, my shield,
 My fortress strong, which to no force can yield,
 Most skillful Pilot, so my stern direct,
 My *weather beaten boat*, so safe protect,
 That it these dangers infinite may shun,
 And to my harbour may the right way run:
 Commiserate, compassionate my case,
 And in thine arms, O Christ, my soul embrace.
 Though I with *Jonas* seamen lose my wares,
 My goods, my life, worlds pleasures, best affairs;
 Though persecution Rocks my Bark may batter,
 My danger driven boat may split may shatter;
 Yet grant, O Lord, I may not shipwrack make
 Of my sure faith in thee; but as the Snake
 Is adre^{ss}ed pole his body to the blow
 Of him that smites, to save his head: Even so

I willingly may undergo all crosses,
And with content may bear the greatest losses,
That I may hold fast faith in Christ my head,
So I may live by faith, to sin be dead.
With this conclusion should my soul be cherish'd,
I had been undone, had I thus not perish'd.
Yea, with those *Argo-Nautæ* willingly,
My ship through straightest passages shall flye,
So that in th'end I may with joy possess
The Golden fleece of endless happiness.
Lord, though the puddle of impurity
Hath my poor soul polluted loathsomely
The Ocean of iniquities foul flood
Hath me besmeard in stinking mire and mud:
O yet, sweet Christ, with Hyacinth of thy merit,
Clenge and make clean my sin-polluted spirit;
Wash me, O Christ, with thy most precious blood,
None, nought but thou, can do my soul this good,
My wel-nigh-shipwrackt soul, O Lord assist,
VWhich too, too-long the way to thee hath mist.
Contemn me not, condemn me not for sin,
But let my Soul to thy sweet rest go in.
Remit (O Lord) what I have il-omitted,
Remove (O Lord) what I have mis-committed.
And though I be to pass by th' Gates of hel,
Grant power to pass them, and with thee to dwell.
To dwell I say with thee, in th' Land of Living,
Where to thy saints thy joyes thou still art giving.
O thou my souls sweet soul, my Harts dear Hart,
In this distress do not from me depart;
Be to my soul as a bright-morning-star,
Which I may clearly see though loo, what far,
And be, as th'art indeed, the sun most bright,
Of righteousness, that my flesh-dimmed light

The Prophetical Trumpeter,
With *Faiths Collyrium* made more clear,
Speedily may see the way appear
To my heart-clearing long desired port,
Whereto my soul hath longed to resort,
I may in time see, and fore-see sins charms,
And so prevent th' event of Sins great harms,
That on the shore I may perceive thee stand,
Giving me aym with thy most sacred hand,
To keep the right way to thine habitation,
The heaven of happiness, and sure salvation.
That passing thus this *Danger-obvious Ocean*,
By thee the strong *Arch-mover* of each motion,
I may go forward with such circumspection,
And be so guided by thy good direction,
And with thy grace be so corroborated,
And with *Rock-founded faith* so animated,
That as 'twixt *Scylla's* and *Charibdis* fear,
My Bark in passage doth a ful sail bear:
I mean proud Pharisaical Self-station,
And graceless Diffident, *Carns* desperation,
By th' justified *Publicans* example,
I may the right regenerate paths trample
Of that true penitent good Prodigal,
To thee (O Lord) for mercy cry and call,
That by thy gracious guide and safe tuition,
I may escape despairs and prides perdition,
And so with joy, with joy unutterable,
Approaching to the shore most amiable:
Casting the anchor of a constant hope
On Christ my Saviour, fastned with faiths rope,
I may my *Merchandizes* bring a-Land,
And put them into my sweet Saviours hand;
Even all the gains which I poor soul had made
Of this good Talent lent to me to trade:

Sounding an allarm to Britain.

To whom although I bring but one for five,
Yet will he not my soul of heaven deprive.
And though that one through mine infirmitie,
Hath been much blemish't with impurity,
Hath been disgrac't, defac't, and much abused,
Yet by my Christ it wil not be refused,
But graciously hee I take my wil for deed,
W. I hold me by the hand and thus proceed:
Well done, good Servant, worthy of my trust,
Well done (I say) thy service hath been just;
Since thou in little matters hast done well,
Thou shalt be Lord of things which far excel.
Since thou to do my Will hast done thy best,
Come, come with me into thy masters rest.
Even so Lord Iesus, come I humbly pray,
For thine Elects sake hast that happy day.
I look, I long, that I might once describe
That happy Day, my soul to happytie:
That I with thee (my Saviour) may rejoyce,
That with *heart-cheering musick* and *sweet voice*,
In that blest Chorus sweet, Angelical
Society of Saints celestial,
I, *Halleluiab, Halleluiab* may
Sing cheerfully to God the Lord alway;
To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Unto the Trine-One Lord of Host.
To this great God be given all thanks and praise,
For his *sweet succour* in these *sacred Layes.* *Amen*

F I N I S.

Omnis Gloria solus est Domini.
Thrice happy Vision, more thrice happy zeal,
Thus flames us with God, Saints, Heav'n's Common

To the good, godly, and ingenuous Reader.

Gentlemen, This Book was written for you, & for none but you; any that are malicious, wicked, and corrupted with any deadly sin, in nowise let him presume with Uzza to touch the Ark lest he die. It is enchanted with white Magick, the Angel of righteousness doth and wil protect it, the spirit of the air his seal & plannet; Sachiell his spirit, and Zebul his Region, the Mild south, Winde bloweth peace and concord, to those I mean, such as it is dedicated to, and none but honest, good, moral, discreet men may read it, whose lives are devoted to the service of God, and in whose hearts there is no guile, to such this book is given. By I. H.

Had I been present at the Press,
The errors then had been the less:
Reader, If you with any errors meet
In this or that, or the other sheet,
You must therefore the Printer blame,
For he did all these errors frame.
